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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Swift felt so keenly the triumph of his political foes that he retired to Letcombe, a lonely village in the Berkshire downs. That is scarcely the way of the Liberal leaders who—before the fight—were not going to take office again unless they swept the country and forced a pledge from the Throne that they might be immune from the House of Lords. We now know there will be no such pledge or immunity. We have won over a hundred seats, and clean wiped out the huge Liberal majority of 1906-1909. The Liberal Government can now only exist precariously by favour of the Labour and the Irish gangs. Beyond all shade of doubt England has broken the evil power of the Liberals to wreck the Constitution.

This has been done largely through the patriotism and saving common-sense of the English counties and the small English towns. How splendidly we have done once more in the Home Counties! Out of Surrey and Sussex and Hampshire we have clean swept the whole tribe of Radical and Socialist and disloyalist. Huge Unionist majorities in these important, enlightened seats everywhere replaced small Radical minorities. Sir Albert Rollit was flung out at Epsom by many thousands. Sir Henry Hobart cut almost as ridiculous a figure in the New Forest, where his supporters actually expected to win by good figures! Dartford is quit of Mr. Rowlands for good. It is the same tale almost everywhere in the true South. Walthamstow and Tottenham remain two ugly spots; and Romford is still in the hands of the wreckers, though the huge majority has fallen very low. The Liberal party is done with in the Home Counties for the next twenty years at any rate.

Essex Unionists are disappointed they have not swept the board. After Harwich and Saffron Walden

and Colchester there were big hopes that Romford would be won. If one Bethell escaped defeat at Romford another was routed at Maldon. In Walthamstow Mr. Stanley Johnson did fine work, and secured a larger poll than that on which his opponent won in 1906. In the Epping division the Radicals were supposed to have made considerable headway, but actually they scored fewer votes than in 1906. Colonel Lockwood's majority was increased by one hundred and fifty per cent. Essex has been invaded by Scotch farmers in recent years: the East Anglian air has clearly had a healthful influence politically.

The vast majority of our hundred seats have been won in places with names familiar more or less to the whole civilised world. The typical robust Englishman may be a philistine bred on beef and beer, he may be wanting in those lovely gifts of "imagination", "sense of mystery", and the rest of the Keltic stock in trade; but at least John Bull does stand for the backbone of the country. Let the charming Kelt represent the imagination of the Empire—it must be allowed that the Englishman represents its reality. If the Kelt be ruler in the world of visions, the Englishman at least must be ruler in the world of fact. And the long and short of it is simply this: England has once more declared, as she did in two Home Rule crises, that she means to be the senior and active partner in politics.

Think of a few of the names of spots that help to send our would-be rulers to Parliament. Blaengwrach, Llanfihangel-yng-Ngwynfa, Garthbeibee; Benbecula, Baleshare, Kirkibost and Pabbay—such are the places which Mr. Asquith depends on for a majority to override the great, prosperous, enlightened, and familiar constituencies. No doubt they are beautiful spots with rough shooting and scenery that could hardly be bettered. But it is not from people who live in such remote regions that we should seek advice or orders as to the running of a great Empire.

What in the world can they know of the House of Lords question, or of great trade questions, who only Benbecula or Kirkibost know? It is rubbish to pretend that the Welsh mountains or the Scottish isles should

be as important politically as the City of London or the City of Westminster. In the ultimate resort, at least, the voice of England must be allowed to prevail. This, we take it, is what Mr. Balfour and our Chief Whip meant in their speeches which have angered the Liberals so.

It is amusing to note that Liberal leaders themselves distinguish (for their own ends) between the relative importance of the various classes of constituency. We think it was Mr. Asquith who declared this week that so long as the great industrial centres of the North were Free Trade, no Tariff Reform could be carried. We never supposed for a moment that it could. To carry Tariff Reform on a large scale the Unionists clearly must first convert the North, as they have the South and Midlands. Likewise, to carry the Liberal programme of plunder and destruction, the Liberals have first to convert England absolutely. The truth is *nothing on a great scale must be done with England—or even a very powerful minority in England—dead against it.* The theory of representative government may allow it to be done; but the practice forbids.

Less than 2,000 more votes polled for the Unionists would have given us another twenty seats. How the Radicals will dread the next election! The nice plump majorities of 1906 are in most places looking a little thin. Ten in S. Pancras, eleven in Devon (Torquay), thirteen in Montgomery district, fifteen in Cheshire, fifty in Cornwall (Bodmin)—Radical votes are getting scarce in these parts; while in more than twenty constituencies Radical majorities have tumbled down to below 200. Nor may the Radical comfort himself that some of the Unionist majorities are not very big. The small Unionist majority represents increase, the small Liberal majority decline. The one is there to be improved; the other to be extinguished.

Mr. Balfour's last word for this election was spoken at Haddington on Monday. It was not thrown away, if thrown away on Scotchmen. Others will understand and profit by his easy handling of the point about exports and imports balancing. A truism which has nothing to do with Tariff Reform. You may pay your debts and yet be doing badly. Under Tariff Reform the nation would still pay its debts and be doing better because producing more. Scotchmen of all men ought to take to Mr. Balfour's intellectual mood; but the Scotchman is born Radical. He can't help it any more than a Lord can help being born a Lord. But he really ought not to gibe at hereditary politicians. He is always one.

At the poll Mr. Lloyd George has not cut so good a figure as his dear rival, Mr. Churchill. Neither the halo of the Budget nor Welsh patriotism could prevent Mr. Lloyd George's majority falling a little. There in Carnarvon, amidst his native mountains, which have figured so ornamentally in Mr. George's speeches lately, amidst his very own dear people, one would have thought Mr. Lloyd George could have added a hundred or two to his poll instead of losing. Carnarvon might have shown more pride in her wonderful son. But perhaps it is as difficult to be a hero to your village as to your valet. However, Carnarvon Liberals were determined to celebrate Mr. George's return fittingly by an exhibition of violence and disorder. Carnarvon is one of the very few places where in this election the Riot Act has had to be read. These good Carnarvon Liberals have studied their member's platform manners.

No case—abuse the electors. We suppose this is the line beaten candidates like Sir Henry Norman and Mr. Silas Hocking (who recalls Silas Wegg) would take. Wolverhampton and Coventry had no use for Sir Henry Norman and Mr. Silas Hocking—both in different senses Men of Letters—and now these noble candidates would have it that strong liquor did the trick for the Tories. Why should Wolverhampton be tipsy because it would not help Sir Henry Norman to return to Parliament and enjoy the sweets of office? Why is

Coventry in its cups because it does not think Mr. Hocking a good substitute for Mr. Mason?

Doubtless there is drinking at elections. But one has a shrewd notion that a great deal of it is done after, not before, the voting. We have no idea whether Mr. Hocking and Sir Henry Norman are blue-ribbonists or not; but they do hail of the party which is for robbing a poor man of his beer—as well as his peer: what is more natural than for the poor man to take a glass or two for joy after he has cast his vote against them?

We see the news agencies are already devising difficulties for Mr. Asquith. They suggest kindly that he cannot even depend on the Labour party. The Right to Work Bill will be brought in again, and there will be a split in the Liberal-Labour camp. But we fancy there will be difficulties more real than that. There is a good sprinkling of worthies on both the Liberal and the Labour benches whose electors had much rather the Government supported a Right to Swag Bill. Right to Work seems to imply wish to work, and this is not at all a popular idea with some of the voters on Mr. Asquith's side.

One would like to know all the facts about the Gorton contest. Unless a complete answer can be made to the Unionist candidate's grievances against Unionist organisation both at headquarters and in Lancashire, not a few will want to know the reason why. Gorton won would have been a grand thing for Lancashire Conservatives; it might have meant the capture of several Lancashire seats where we have now failed. If our candidate, who so nearly won, really could not get any help in speakers or carriages, the Central Office is much to blame. Many, if not most, workers care not where they work, so that they help where help is most wanted. Turning to another Lancashire seat, we unwittingly did Mr. Ian Malcolm an injustice in suggesting last week that the party was over-confident in North Salford. It seemed to us the only probable explanation of the facts, but we have received evidence since which refutes this. It was no defect in Unionist effort but intrigue on the other side which prevented our winning North Salford. Everyone knows Mr. Malcolm himself is one of the hardest of Unionist workers.

Napoleon held that journalism was well enough as a mistress but made a bad wife. But as some of our more observed writers carry on to-day it is doubtful whether he would have given journalism even that measure of praise. It is nowadays not the poet or the statesman who has his message for the people in political crises, but the journalist and literary man who insists on printing not only his articles but himself. First we have Mr. Hewlett on the election with a high rouged style, and then Mr. Harold Begbie—without, it must be admitted, any rouge at all. By the "Daily Chronicle" Mr. Begbie the intelligible, as change from Mr. Hewlett the unintelligible, is turned on to smash Mr. Balfour. He accuses Mr. Balfour of stirring up ill blood between England and Germany by raising the Navy question. Ah, what a wicked business!

Mr. Begbie and the "Daily Chronicle" should read the speeches of the Foreign Secretary. They will find some light there. They should read his "conscript appanage" speech of March, the most powerful speech by general consent made in the last Parliament. But if live journalism has no time to write on dead speeches it might at least have glanced at Sir E. Grey's speech this week at Hexham: "Mr. Balfour dilates on how serious our situation would be if our Navy was not kept up to the mark. I said the same thing last March in even stronger language". So much for the crime of stirring up feeling between England and Germany. These journalists—how they harass us!

The schoolmaster abroad has been a trouble from time immemorial; at election times it is really becoming a question whether he ought not to be "kept in" by the

authorities. A master at any of the great public schools airing his political opinions in or out of class matters little enough, for neither boys nor parents are likely to trouble about the master's views. Indignation at Mr. Lyttelton for letting the world know his attitude to parties is silly. A schoolmaster is a citizen free to have and to express a political view. But it is a different thing when village teachers and Board-school masters use their position to get at the children's parents. They ought not to be allowed to mention politics or any question of the hour in school during election times. Obviously a teacher can be a most effective canvasser; for the very reason that as a teacher he is supposed to be aloof from parties. We care not for which party a teacher is working, it ought not to be.

The latest conundrum is whether the owner of a motor can lend it to a candidate to convey voters to the poll, seeing he has to buy the petrol. It is a Liberal conundrum, and for a very obvious reason. More motors are lent to Conservative than to Liberal candidates, and it would do Conservatives more harm than Liberals if the lending of motors were barred. So Liberals won't be happy until they get not only a Plural Voters but a Plural Motors Bill. It is not, however, the lending of the car itself but buying the petrol that is said to make the corrupt practice. The owner of a horse-carriage may pay for feeding the horses, as the horses have to be fed; but the money spent on the petrol is solely for conveying voters to the poll. The person who has discovered this is ingenious, but he seems not to have heard the maxim that the law does not trouble about trifles. No judge would worry to find out whether a man's purchase of petrol was solely or only partially used on the candidate's business or his own.

Many have been the "lies"—the election is not yet over, and the word is still current—that have been told by free-traders about the dearness of meat in the United States. The accounts of the prosecution of the Meat Trust and of the remarkable league of two or three million people against eating meat prove that protection has nothing to do with the dissatisfaction. It is simply the monopoly the trust has secured that has raised prices. The tariff is not blamed for the monopoly at all. There is no scarcity of meat. Supplies are abundant. More abundant they are the higher the prices because the trust engrosses them. With or without tariff, it could do the same. The trust sells meat cheaper in Germany than in America. "It is due to trusts: just to trusts" says the Secretary of Agriculture. And evidently as the trust can crush the German meat producer in Germany, it could do the same even more easily in the States though they had free imports.

Will the election cause any changes in the legal world? Sir William Robson, Sir Samuel Evans, and Mr. Rufus Isaacs have all been returned; and there was much talk before the elections as to the probability of Sir Samuel Evans being raised to the Bench and Mr. Isaacs becoming Solicitor-General in his place. There is no vacancy on the Bench at present, it is true, and none of the judges, least of all Mr. Justice Grantham, who considers himself, as he said recently, the most vigorous of the lot, appears to be thinking of retiring. But Lord Loreburn has at last been converted to the view that two more judges must be appointed; and lawyers are sanguine enough to believe that this will be one of the first things the new Parliament will do.

As the new Parliament may be a very short one, it would be to Sir Samuel's advantage that this business should be got through quickly, as his professional position was never so eminent as to make a Conservative Government almost bound to give him a judgeship. Mr. Horace Ivory K.C. and Mr. Scrutton K.C. have been sent as Commissioners of Assize to help the judges who have more than they can do in London; and Commissioners are often marked out for judgeships. But a convention of this kind would easily be set aside by a Government that wanted to provide for its Solicitor-

General. Sir Samuel Evans has a safe seat, and there would be no anxiety about a bye-election.

Parliament has protected witnesses from microbes by the new Oaths Act, but it has introduced a new form of wasting time in the courts. It is no trivial waste to have to swear a large number of grand jurymen or ordinary jurymen separately, as Sir Forrest Fulton, the Recorder, has found at the Old Bailey and judges in other parts of the country. They have tried to get out of it by various devices, but it is no use. The only real good the Act has done is to put an end to kissing the Book; but to remedy other things there will have to be an amending Act.

It looks as if the old astrologers were right after all. Coincidence is wonderfully on their side. Floods in the Seine valley, earthquakes in Iceland and the West Indies, gales in Italy, blizzards in Switzerland, a railway disaster in Canada transatlantically big—all these in the space of a single week; and two comets for a sign that they should be! Such confirmation of a mediæval belief is startling enough. The modern mind is above looking upon concatenation as proof. It knows all about the plurality of causes. We wonder where is the truth of the matter.

The floods in the Seine valley are portentous enough. The sudden havoc made by a big earthquake strikes the mind perhaps with greater force; but the gradual swelling of this huge volume of disaster has in it more of the elements of real tragedy. The latest reports put the number of those who have been driven from their homes at 30,000. Half the Seine valley has been washed clean; and in Paris every nerve is being strained to meet what promises to be a record flood in a country where the records have been very high.

France has one use for her African colonies—she knows now what to do with the Apache. Offenders against the common law instead of being drafted into the Army at home are to be sent to Africa. The idea seems to have been given up of improving the offender's moral character. He is now sent away to complete his perdition at a safe distance. That perdition will be tolerably complete if Pierre Loti is to be trusted as a guide in those parts. A year's good conduct there—so runs the new law—is to give the offender back his character. Is this a specimen of French irony?

France in her relation to Christianity was summed up completely in the last day's debate in the Chamber on the question of the schools. The speech of M. Jaurès was typically French, full of the bright, shallow, complacent rationalism that has made France the nursery of Liberal doctrine for over a century. In the course of the debate M. Jaurès fell foul of M. Barrès. What was the worst imputation that he could lay upon his opponent? Well, it seems that the worst thing he could do was to hint delicately that M. Barrès—the philosophic defender of Christianity—was perhaps a little inclined to uphold religion as religion.

M. Barrès, of course, could not sit still under such an insinuation. He protested, almost with indignation. He said he did not defend Catholicism out of any human necessity for a religious ideal. He had found by experience that Catholicism was synonymous with social health and elevated moral sentiments. He could not rest till he had vindicated himself. At the end the Chamber, by a vote of confidence, left it to the Government to protect the Ecole Laïque from its enemies. We may judge exactly what that means when, apparently, the worst thing you can say of a man in his public capacity is that he defends Christianity because it is a religion.

Lord Minto has about ten months in which to undo the mischief he has allowed to grow during his four years of Viceroyalty. He is to do what he ought to have done before—apply the unlimited executive

authority, which he now recollects is after all vested in the British administration. It is late in the day. Anarchy has grown with the granting of the reforms. And the support he may expect will not come from the reformers. They are already preparing to resent the new Press Act in the Council. Lord Minto has had a broad hint from the Indian chiefs and rulers that sedition cannot be met by concessions and conciliation, and that if he is to have their support he must cease to rely on judicial and legislative action and apply his administrative powers promptly and decidedly.

It is too early yet to say whether the newly discovered symphony by Beethoven is going to prove genuine or not. The few facts we have at present promise well. The MS. was found in the archives of an ancient and honourable College. The work appears to be not unworthy of Beethoven in his early years; and it is known that Beethoven tried his hand at the symphony before he composed the First. The proof which would establish everything—and we should like to see it—would be the discovery in one of the sketch-books of some of the themes used in this newly-found work. Anyhow, Beethoven or not, the symphony seems to have been well worth rescuing from the cupboards of the *Academische Konzert* at Jena. Meantime we are perhaps in for another Leonardo-Lucas controversy. Only one thing is wanted. A musical Lucas to put in his plea against Beethoven. With all reservations we do not think his chances would be so good.

An event of great interest to the chess world is the match at Vienna. This is the series of games now being played between Dr. E. Lasker and Herr Carl Schlechter for the championship of the world. The final issue is by no means a foregone conclusion. Dr. Lasker has held the world's championship for considerably over a decade, having beaten the famous master Steinitz in 1893, who during the previous quarter of a century was unquestionably without rival. Since his victory that year in New York Dr. Lasker has been challenged by Marshall, Dr. Tarrasch, and Janowski, and has beaten them all. Any certainty that may have been predicted as to the indisputable superiority of Lasker is now dispelled; for five games have been played, the first four being drawn, and the fifth a win for Schlechter.

Chess players are far from wishing Dr. Lasker defeat, but it is good to see a victory won by methods that possibly can best be described as those of stubborn resistance, of which Schlechter is a past master. Again and again abundant proof has been given that not only is he a man not easily beaten, but also one, when opportunity affords, capable of playing both a sound and brilliant game. It is more than likely that the winner of this great contest may be called upon to meet Maroczy, or possibly either the young Russian Rubinstein or the Cuban Capablanca. A match with any one of these three players would be intensely interesting.

We may look on the sale of a place like Holme Lacy as something more than a family misfortune. It is a glory of England—one of the glories she shares with no other country in the world—that grand old estates like this have passed down from father to son through centuries. There is true and great conservatism here at any rate—if at times one may doubt whether in politics there really is any great conservative principle quite safe. The entailed estate and the law of primogeniture are at least some bulwark against a "naked democracy".

We trust that the Presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Clubs will grant the very right request made by a number of clergymen and lay Churchmen of mark that the date of the Boat Race should be altered to prevent its falling in Holy Week. Gentlemen, whatever their own feelings, will not offend other people's consciences; and Oxford and Cambridge are held mirrors for manners. But the appeal will tell with many rowing men at both Universities on higher grounds. Good Churchmen are frequently good oars. No doubt the original fixing on a date in Holy Week was an oversight.

"A GREAT DAY IN THE COUNTIES."

SO ran the legend on the "Daily News" bill early in the week (it may have been some other Radical paper; one star in the cocoa constellation is very like another). "A great day." Why? Had the Liberals won a great harvest of seats from the Tories? Well, the great day was just this. On a day of comparatively few pollings the Liberals or the pan-ministerialists had escaped without losing a seat, precisely the feat which their opponents had also successfully performed. Thankfulness for small mercies is a virtue, and well becomes the sanctity of a cocoa-magnate's paper, especially if the cocoa comes from San Thomé. But this thankfulness should be modest; it should go with humility, not with brag. Not so the Radical papers; they crowed over a day without defeats as though it were Cromwell's "crowning mercy of the Lord", and, we must say, much in Cromwell's spirit, though in very inferior manner. But Cromwell had something real to rejoice over, for Worcester was the extinction of his enemy. We cannot quite fancy Cromwell, the god of our Nonconformists, trumpeting a drawn skirmish as "a great day". But the jubilation of the "Star" and the "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" over this day without losses may have inner meaning. Does it throw light on a question Sir Robert Hudson writes to us about this week—Liberal expectations? Sir Robert seems to deprecate our attributing to him the expectation of presenting the Government with a pleasant surprise. The pleasantness of the surprise depends entirely on what the Government were expecting. If they thought it likely that a majority of three hundred and thirty-four made up of every party under heaven except Unionists would disappear entirely in a single election, the Government no doubt might find the result of this election a pleasant surprise. But few sane people ever thought such a result possible, and fewer still, we should think, said so if they did. We rather imagine Sir Robert Hudson, when he scoffed at the idea of our winning two hundred seats, was jeering at a guy he had made for his own diversion. But many Liberals undoubtedly did think Ministerialists would come back to Westminster as strong as they left it. The "Daily News" itself proved that they must do so, and announced the discovery on its bills in the same bold type in which it later announced the "great day in the counties". It is hard to understand how an "organ" that expected so much can be pleased with so little. Put it any way anybody will, this election shows one thing and one thing only absolutely plainly and beyond cavil—the Government have lost heavily. So far as there has been a change, the change has been against the Government. And there has been a great change. Whole districts that were solidly Liberal are now solidly Unionist. In place of an immense, compact Liberal majority, able to outvote all other parties put together, the Government have now no majority at all except by grace of the Irish Nationalists. It is already clear that the Nationalists will be able to turn out Mr. Asquith's or Mr. Lloyd George's Government any moment they please. If they abstain from voting they will leave the Government in a parlous way—forty to fifty is a very small majority for working purposes—if they vote against the Government, they will immediately destroy it. An ignominious existence on sufferance, that is what Mr. Asquith has to look forward to, and that is what his "press" in London is so delighted about. This they regard as a triumph to be proud of. This is that "great day". No doubt we shall have a 1910 Club to commemorate the grand fact that on one day during the elections the Liberals did not lose a seat. It will also remind them, wholesomely, that it was the only day in which they did not lose more than one, nett.

Unionists may talk about great days in the counties in all sobriety. Nineteen gains in one day is a big election performance at any time. The general trend of the county elections has been very markedly in our favour. We have gained something in nearly all the counties, very nearly all in many, and in some quite

all. On the whole the county divisions have been much more favourable to Unionists or hostile to the Government than the large towns, at any rate the large towns of the north. We are not going to draw any moral from this. The time for morals and practical lessons is at the end of the story or sermon, and the story is not quite over. Mr. Ure and Mr. Massingham may be left to show that all the intelligence and the character is on the side of the Government, and all the clodhoppers and fools against them. We like this strain; it will be useful next time to show southern electors and agricultural folk everywhere what this distinguished man thinks of them. (Mr. Ure is certainly distinguished; he has made his mark if any member of the Government has; he is very likely to live—*à*re perennius, outlasting his brass—in an eponymous word, a "urism".) The southern farmer and his men will be edified to read that Mr. Ure thinks them idiots and clowns, and will appreciate his reputation for truthfulness. Will not this help Liberals to win back the scores of southern agricultural seats they have lost?

One might think the country voter had found a malicious delight in making ridiculous the Radical fury against lords and landlords. The countryman rubs up against peers and large landowners pretty often. They are his neighbours, and he cannot help knowing a good deal about them. He knows their servants; their gardeners; their coachmen. He has from time to time direct dealings with his landlord both in business and in pleasure. To the farmer or his man the local peer or other large landholder is not a name only, a distant figure imagined, or caricatured, but never seen. He is a man; like him or not, he is at any rate a human like himself. Here came in the Radical wirepuller's calculation—the country folk are more in touch with peers and landowners: therefore they know what blackguards they are and cannot but hate them. "Down with the Lords", then, is the cry for the villages. And to help the Radical plan the peers themselves came out on the platform and addressed their neighbours in the villages. What has been the result? Simply that where the people knew something personally of peers and landowners—in the country constituencies—they have very generally supported the Lords' action. They have not shown any sort of desire to "down" them. The counties have given the Lords the most striking testimonial possible. We do not say, of course, that regard for peers and landowners swayed the countryman's vote—his motives like other people's were mixed—but it is certain that he was not moved by any antipathy to them or desire to get rid of them. This by itself will account for Mr. Ure's low opinion of the agricultural intelligence.

On the whole Unionists need not complain of this election. We did not expect, we hardly set out, to replace a majority of over three hundred against us by a working majority for us. It was not possible. We did set out to break the power of this Government and shatter the Liberal majority. This we have done. There is now no Liberal majority. There is a Ministerial majority, but it is not Liberal. Its cardinal group is Irish, for on the Irish party or parties everything will hinge. The Government in every way will be weaker: the Opposition will be stronger in every way. Full of spirit and hope, greatly reinforced in number, Mr. Balfour's followers will feel their burden light indeed after the toils of last Parliament. As the work of Mr. Asquith is more difficult and less hopeful, the work of Mr. Balfour is easier and more hopeful. He will only have to watch the Government disintegrating, spontaneous centrifugalism, and now and again put in a subtle word or timely diversion to help the process. He might almost content himself to sit on the shore, or bench, and sing "*suave mari*".

We could have done better, of course. We wish we had. We have done badly in Scotland; far from well in Lancashire and Yorkshire; not so well as we ought to have done in London. But we have done enough to gain the main object. The Government is stricken.

THE PROGRESS OF TARIFF REFORM.

NO result of the elections is more striking than the progress of Tariff Reform precisely in those quarters of the electorate where it was least expected. The southern and midland counties and the smaller provincial boroughs have saved the situation. It is, of course, untrue to say that the great industrial centres have pronounced against Tariff Reform. Birmingham and Liverpool must be set off against Manchester and Leeds. In London we have thirty-four Tariff Reformers to thirty Free Importers and Socialists, a disappointment, to be sure, but one due to the ground landlords, not to the fiscal question. In Bradford there were special circumstances which inclined the electors to turn a deaf ear to the arguments of the Tariff Reformers. Trade is exceptionally good just now in Bradford and the West Riding. The workmen and their wives rank for the time being amongst the comfortable classes, and people in that position, who do not think, are always averse from any change. The Free Importers are fond of reproaching the Tariff Reformers with the argument that their policy can only succeed when trade is bad. This is a very taking objection, especially when thrown into the colloquial rhetoric of the platform. Regard these Tariff Reformers, how they pray for bad trade and unemployment! They can only grow fat on what makes others lean: they hope to thrive on the distress of their fellows, and to win their dirty elections by playing on the misery of the "13,000,000 on the verge of starvation"! This is the stuff of which the slashing speech is made. It is mere rhetoric, of the most fustian character, which ignores the plain facts of history. The historical fact is that while argument, in the press, on the platform, and in the House of Commons, prepares the way for fiscal change, the effective cause of the change, when it comes, is some economic disturbance. The "*causa causans*" of an alteration in the commercial system of a nation is nearly always physical, not moral. It is popularly supposed that the Anti-Corn-Law League forced Peel to abandon the Corn Law; in reality it was the Irish famine. The propaganda of the Manchester League prepared the way, and exercised an influence on the minds of men which was earned by the energy and ability of its advocates and by its lavish expenditure, for money is the sinews of agitation, as of war. The Manchester League drew on the history of England after Waterloo for its illustrations of the evils of the Corn Law. But it was neither the recollection of the past, nor statistical forecasts of the future, that converted Peel and the nation—it was the thousands starving on the roads in Ireland. So it will be the physical results of foreign imports on the home trade, and of foreign tariffs on the export trade, that will secure for the Tariff Reform League its ultimate and not distant triumph over the North of England.

The United States and Germany are straining every nerve to capture our colonial trade, and by a free and intelligent use of their tariffs to oust the Mother Country from the preferential position which Canada and Australia have accorded her. Japan is rapidly preparing to compete with Lancashire in the manufacture of cotton. In the last two years the Americans, with characteristic energy, have set about the manufacture of linen goods, as Belfast and Fife shire know to their cost. They have not yet mastered the fine end of the trade; but there is no doubt that by the application of science they will soon counteract the effect of a dry climate, and when that time arrives the manufacturers of Dunfermline may reconsider their fiscal opinions. The woollen manufacturers of the West Riding know the beneficial effects of the Canadian preferential tariff; but their employees will only recognise them when the United States and Germany have wrung from the Dominion identical or similar concessions. It may be that the open support of the manufacturers in some places injured the cause of Tariff Reform at the polls. Such is the suspicion of the working class, and so narrowly suspicious are the trade unions, that the mere fact of the employer supporting the candidate often costs him votes. Bismarck, in his blunt way,

asserted the superiority of physical to literary argument. "The abstract teaching of theoretical science leaves me perfectly cold. I must judge by the experiment we are making. I see that lands which are protectionists prosper, and lands that are free traders go back." Seeing is believing, according to the most powerful statesman of modern times. Bismarck began his experiment thirty years ago, and the Free Importer will hardly question its success.

But though there can be no doubt, judging from history, that the British nation will be converted to Tariff Reform by some physical cause, such as the pressure of foreign tariffs and foreign imports, that is no reason why the advocates of the change should relax their missionary efforts. On the contrary, the reception of a new creed is rapid and easy in the exact ratio of the previous efforts of its preachers. No one who has followed this election—as candidate, or speaker, or writer, or merely as spectator, in town or country—can deny the superior interest, as a topic, of Tariff Reform over the other issues before the country. In the large towns, in London particularly, the vulgarest class hatred against the peerage was whipped into froth by Radical politicians of the baser kind. Very little was said anywhere about Home Rule, possibly because the Unionists were not prepared for its discussion. On the Budget, the audiences quite complacently accepted the contradictory assertions of the two sides that the land taxes would be a gold mine, and that they would bring in less than nothing. It was when the speaker mentioned Tariff Reform that the meeting cocked its ears like an alert fox terrier and settled down to enjoyment. And it certainly is encouraging to find that in the villages and the pleasant country side of Southern and Western England; in East Anglia, which may be termed the cradle of the genuine American race; in those comely county towns, which, as Disraeli said, give "variety" to the composition of Parliament; the electors should be more accessible to the new ideas and the policy of to-morrow than the strenuous and somewhat arrogant citizens of the North. As a consequence, the agricultural labourer has fallen into sad disfavour with the Radical party. "He was our nursing once and favourite child"; beslavered with the praise of the itinerant Socialist. Now he is peer-ridden, parson-ridden, and publican-ridden, a universal mount for the enemies of the People. It would, of course, be silly affectation to ignore or depreciate the opinions of the electors of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland. But the Unionist statesman should say to them, as Burke said to his constituents at Bristol: "I am to look, indeed, to your opinions; but to such opinions as you and I *must* have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day."

THE LIAISON WITH IRELAND.

THE Irish view of the Prime Minister's duty is clear enough. Take for instance Father Dooley addressing the League in Meath: "The Government is in the hands of the Irish party. . . . They have a great opportunity. The first business is to reform the House of Lords. When the Budget comes on again the Irish party will show their independence by insisting that the Budget be made fair to Ireland". His own Nationalist papers quote Mr. Redmond that it must take fifty years to reform the House of Lords, a rather long time to wait for Father Dooley's new Budget, not to mention Home Rule and the further Land Bills necessitated by last year's, which has not begun to work yet. But these are trifles against the great scheme of having the British Government and Constitution dictated by Irish republicans from America, which would be good for many dollars. "The penny boys", as Mr. Healy calls Mr. Redmond's statesmen, now Mr. Asquith's majority, are also to attack British property with Mr. Asquith's socialists, but then comes Father Dooley's separate arrangement making it "fair to Ireland". To secure this "British" majority in our Parliament Home Rule was "promised", at a time when the constituencies that had an Irish vote were about to poll.

When these were polled and the time was at hand for the county divisions, where the Irish vote was not much, the "promise" was officially denied. When the fight was nearly over and "the penny boys" were attacked at home for having made fools of themselves, the "promise" was officially renewed. Then there is Mr. Asquith's declaration that he should not resume office without a satisfactory majority; but, in fairness to him, he did not demand a majority independent of the Nationalists, the aim of an Irish republic, "after the fashion of the United States for constitution", as Mr. Redmond puts it when he goes for dollars to America. In the reform of the House of Lords it is only fair that the Prime Minister should consult Mr. Redmond, seeing that Home Rule depends on the terms; but a gentleman of Mr. Redmond's chivalry could hardly commit himself without consulting the American Fenians who provide his dollars. In short, a Liberal Government can do practically nothing without the Irish vote, a power financed for hatred, enmity and revenge from outside the British Empire, and always more delighted to harm England than to help Ireland.

That is how the Government is in the hands of the Irish party, but let us see how the Irish party are in the hands of the Government. Their new compact is a fixed departure from Parnellism. So long as the compact lasts they definitely give up their independence of British parties, which has been largely the basis of their influence in Ireland; and in committing themselves to this they also commit Ireland to a prospective increase of two millions a year in her over-taxation, which Nationalists claim to be already several millions too much. On this footing they hire themselves out as a sort of political mercenaries to support the passing of laws against British interests, and even against their own opinions, prompted by no more evident motive for the present than to injure their fellow-subjects, in the hope of making themselves such an intolerable nuisance that the British may be intimidated to grant Home Rule. In this pursuit they would destroy the House of Lords, though believing in a Second Chamber; they would impose socialism on Great Britain, though they are not socialists; they would impose land nationalisation, though believing in private ownership; and they would perpetuate Free Trade, though they are Tariff Reformers almost to a man. They undertake deliberately and methodically to violate every principle of honesty that makes for civilisation in public life; and thus to qualify themselves for the conduct of State affairs in a Parliament to be created by the communities whom they are harassing. To accommodate this outlook, so despicable to England and so pitiful for Ireland, the party and their League have again fought desperately to keep out of Irish public life any kind of man who could see better; and it is not easy to say which reaches the lower level, Nationalism in offering the alliance or Radicalism in accepting it.

Even from the standpoint of the Nationalists themselves it is hard to see what they can expect to gain in the end—apart from the American dollar. Unless they are blinder than peasants usually are, they must see that their trickeries cannot encourage Home Rule among thinking people. The "promise", three times revised in as many weeks, and subject to any further modifications, depends on the Home Rulers first doing all its dirty work for British Radicalism at Ireland's expense. Then it is to be Home Rule. When? During the next Administration, or after the fifty years estimated by Mr. Redmond for one of the preparatory reforms? No one, unless a few like Mr. Victor Grayson, expects the House of Lords to be abolished, and Mr. Asquith formally declares that he would only improve it; but an improved House of Lords might hate Home Rule even more than the present peers, especially with the Irish members developing the methods of their new alliance. Where is Home Rule then? The British House of Lords has a way of modifying the vagaries of its new members, who, once inside, are far more free men, no longer dependent on the noise of mobs for either the dignity or the tenure of their position; and even Radicalism proposes no transition that could much diminish this great attribute,

which, enabling honest men to say what they really thought, has long been a great source of British strength. Besides, great institutions do not commit suicide, and since no change can be made in the House of Lords without its own approval it is not likely to make itself useless as Mr. Redmond appears to expect. These are only a few of the uncertainties on which the Irish party agree to overtax their unfortunate country; but then an enormous number of dollars might be got from America in fifty years, especially with British Premiers who could play the game and keep the Irishmen from the green villages working revolution in Great Britain under "promises" varying from week to week.

Such is the silver lining to the Home Rule cloud, but after working for thirty years can the trick work for fifty more, with the "promise" changing weekly? There are exactly two thousand six hundred weeks in fifty years, and we may not always have a Prime Minister as clever as Mr. Asquith. Then we have Mr. Tim Healy, the terror of Molly Maguire, again returned against "the cause"; and he is already one of eight, with power to add to their number, all pledged and only too willing to upset the alliance between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Asquith. Here is a new Irish party in Nationalism, founded on ideas and thus permanent, the more united because not coercing the individual freedom of its members, backed against the regular party by the Church, pledged to oppose the further confiscation of Ireland under the Anglo-American compact, and demanding the right of able Irishmen to take part in her affairs. This new party is only one less in number than that Mr. Redmond himself had when a Parnellite to fight the priests with for years; but they are fighting for ideas and principles, not for an individual issue, and even in Ireland their appeal must go farther in the end. It is not merely that they stand on higher and broader ground. They introduce a critical faculty into Irish public life. They make it think.

MR. ASQUITH'S LITTLE-NAVYISM.

IT was Gladstone who said in his famous "Silver Streak" article in 1871 that when Providence endowed us with the supremacy of the seas it also dulled us with an insensibility to its value. His successors, following his own action in 1894, are certainly foremost as examples of this blind folly. They have at last sunk to the most pitiful depths of deceit in order to conceal their gambling with the future safety of the country. Since the corrupting influence of evil communications is proverbial, this may be the direct result of consorting and plotting with one party which openly declares itself to be anti-British, and with the socialist party in the House of Commons whose leader has boasted of its "Little Navy" propensities. Mr. Asquith has recently declared that criticism of his naval policy consisted of "vague and woolly generalities", and "when their critics were asked to come down to facts and figures they had nothing whatever to say". Before examining this statement it may be well to ask what are Mr. Asquith's own credentials in this matter. The policy which he embarked on in regard to the reduction of the Navy was deliberate, and undertaken at a moment when the announcement stimulated the German Government into exertions which brought their resources for building warships to a level with our own. On 14 March 1906 Mr. Asquith thus stated the policy of the Government in regard to the building of warships, and we would draw attention to the new rendering of statesmanship that peace is preserved not by unassailable armaments but by "speedy and substantial" steps in their reduction:

"The Army and Navy present fields of possible extravagance, and certainly not of possible but of practicable reductions . . . in the case of the Navy by contracting your shipbuilding programme. A Government which is pledged, as we are pledged—no men have given stronger assurances to the people than we have—to pursue by every means in our power a policy of pacific and conciliatory intercourse with the other nations of the world, is a Government which is bound

to take steps, speedy and substantial steps, in both the directions I have mentioned."

It would be interesting to know when any pledges to reduce the Navy were given. Sir Edward Grey found fault with the Unionist Government for reducing the Navy Estimates in 1905, and in the height of the General Election of 1906 Mr. Haldane declared that the Government was desirous of keeping the Army and Navy "at least up to their present standard as earnestly as any Government which has ever existed in this country". Speaking in the City of London on 4 January 1906, or a few days before the elections in London and Manchester, Mr. Haldane said in reference to the Army:

"Some people, I know, say the Liberals cannot be trusted to look after fighting efficiency. I have the authority of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to say such stress does he lay on efficiency that, if necessary, he is prepared to find more men and more money for the promotion of efficiency. . . . The task is enormously difficult and complicated, and I can only tell you that the Prime Minister has given me a free hand to set to work at that task. And that is the policy of the Cabinet as a whole."

If, then, this was the policy of the Cabinet as a whole in regard to the Army, the more vital service of the Navy could certainly not demand less. Yet the fiat at once went forth that the naval programme was to be cut down in regard to battleships and destroyers. The "Montagu" was lost and not replaced, and the maximum of reduction was reached when we responded to enormous German increases in the financial year 1908-1909, when six German Dreadnoughts and Invincibles were laid down and two ordered, by a programme of only one Dreadnought and one Invincible. Then when 1909-1910 was reached the country was disgusted to find the wrangles of the Cabinet over the Navy Estimates made public in the Radical press, and the outcome of these conflicts was an expenditure on new ships and their armaments, officially stated by Mr. McKenna to be £10,256,194, compared with £10,751,466 for Germany. It was characteristic of the Government that they refused this information to Mr. Bellairs when he asked for it, and only made it public after the vote of censure debate. Where, then, is the two-Power standard in expenditure half a million sterling less than that of Germany, and where is the expenditure which Mr. Burns for election purposes declares to be twice as great as that of Germany?

The two-Power standard was one which took the place of the old two-keels-to-one standard against France. Like its predecessor it was an arithmetical standard capable of being handled by any voter, and up to 1906 it was so treated by every politician, including men as divorced in political opinions as Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Asquith himself on three occasions in 1908 affirmed the arithmetical standard of a ten per cent. margin over the two next strongest Powers, "whichever they might be and wherever they might be situated". The country was, therefore, taken aback when in 1909 he was guilty of the gross breach of faith of repudiating the pledges he had given and declaring that distant countries must be ruled out because their fleets were less easily available for aggressive purposes against this country. Here was the frankest Little Englandism indeed, for 989 out of 1000 square miles of British territory are situated precisely in those distant parts where the navies of foreign Powers are now said not to count. But that is the least serious part of the business. Macaulay once wrote that "no oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the 'Yea, yea' and 'Nay, nay' of a British envoy". And here we find that in regard to the most sacred trust which is confided into the hands of any statesman, the Prime Minister deliberately breaks a solemn pledge to Parliament, and then turns round and says that criticism of his naval policy consists of "vague and woolly generalities".

Mr. Asquith has himself admitted that he misled the House of Commons in 1908 when he justified the small

programme of only two large armoured ships, by asserting that the German programme was a paper programme, secondly that it was one unlikely to be realised and certainly not to be exceeded, and thirdly when he positively stated that the Germans took six months longer to build their ships. "It was a great surprise to us"; "I am sorry to say that is not the case"; "That has turned out not to be true"; "That most grave, and to us not only unforeseen but unexpected, state of things" were the unhappy admissions wrung from him a year after, in March 1909. In that month, when the wrangles in the Cabinet were composed by the postponement of the bulk of the building programme in battleships, cruisers, and destroyers, to the end of the year, the situation was still one capable of a remedy in the hands of patriotic statesmen. By ordering the ships promptly it was still possible to keep a margin in resources for laying down more ships in the future and completing them within two years. The tragic feature of the position that is drawing nearer and nearer is that with no higher motive than a vote-catching Budget the commencement of the ships was so delayed that a congestion of building in the future is inevitable, and this will involve a failure to complete them within the usual period of time. This risk has been deliberately run, though Mr. Asquith acknowledged there had been such an enormous development in Germany in resources for building warships that we could no longer take to ourselves "the consoling and comforting reflection that we have the advantage in the speed and the rate at which ships can be constructed. That is a fatal and most serious fact". Mr. McKenna, who has now acknowledged that the Admiralty were fully warned in 1906 and 1907 of the developments going on in Germany, said in the same debate that "Two years ago anyone familiar with the capacity of Krupp's and other great German firms would have ridiculed the possibility of their undertaking the supply of all the component parts of eight battleships in a single year. To-day this productive power is a realised fact, and it will tax the resources of our own great firms if we are to retain the supremacy in rapidity and volume of construction".

Then as to Dreadnoughts. Sir Edward Grey declared that the future German fleet of thirty-three Dreadnoughts laid on us the necessity of "rebuilding the whole of our fleet". Here was clearly indicated the need of counting our relative strength in Dreadnoughts, for we had lost the power of catching up by superiority of resources. Equally with Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna insisted that the lives of all pre-Dreadnoughts had been shortened by the invention of the new types. Let us assume that only ships less than twelve years old will count in 1912, and in every instance adopt Mr. McKenna's own figures given in the case of the Dreadnoughts on 16 March 1909 and in the case of the pre-Dreadnoughts in answer to a question on 12 July 1909.

	Great Britain.	Germany.	United States.
Dreadnoughts ready in 1912 ...	20	17	8
Pre-Dreadnoughts less than 12 years old in 1912 ...	14	12	13
	34	29	21

There is neither a two-Power standard nor a two-to-one standard about these figures, and it is now announced with an air of authority that only six Dreadnoughts, including the colonial offers, are to be in the programme of next year as compared with four for Germany. Where is the fulfilment of Mr. Haldane's election promise of 1906 in the above figures? Do they not exactly reflect what might be expected from the fact that the Radicals in their four years of office reduced the expenditure on new ships and their guns by £8,314,000 as compared with the last four years of Mr. Balfour's Government, while Germany, comparing the same periods, made an increase of £10,878,000? The dismal tale of staved-off expenditure is true all along the line. Mr. McKenna acknowledges that the Radicals have drawn upon stores without replacement to the extent of £2,975,000. Dreadnoughts are the stars of the piece, but the starving of stores and repairs is

what most alarms the sailor, the scarcity of cruisers the strategist, while the actual reduction of men as compared with huge increases in Germany is one which will involve us in difficulties in the future, since it takes five to six years to train our boy entries. Are the facts we have cited serious arguments? If so, how can Mr. Asquith talk of woolly generalities, and how can Mr. McKenna say in his election address that "no attempt is made at serious argument", and how can figures he himself has given be described in the same election address as "ridiculous fictions spread abroad solely for electioneering purposes" which "have not the smallest foundation"? Matters in regard to the Navy have reached a pass in which judgment can only be pronounced not by a party-ridden House of Commons but by a Royal Commission.

LORD MINTO'S APOLOGY.

AT last—at the end of four years of administration—Lord Minto has spoken as if he intended business. But at the same time he seems to be singularly unrepentant. He seems to realise that the facts are against him; but he feels that they ought not to be, and refuses to admit that they are. He even claims that things are better than they were five years ago—a claim that cannot in fairness be allowed. His condition of mind being what it is, we may be sure that the thing he is most anxious to disprove is the thing that inwardly he most fears is true. Now the thing which Lord Minto was at most pains to disprove was that the new Councils Act was not granted to India as a concession to seditious agitation. Well, no one would be quite ready to assert that it was; but, at the same time, it is quite possible that the Act was so regarded by the agitators themselves, and it is quite evident that the granting of the Act has been taken by them as an encouragement to persevere. The progress of the Act through its various stages has been punctuated by a series of murders and attempted murders. It was under examination by the local governments when there occurred the murder of the Kennedy ladies, the attempted murder of the Collector of Dacca, the discovery of the Alipur conspiracy and the assassinations which followed. It was on its way through Parliament when Sir Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Lalcaca were struck down. Its final introduction was the occasion for an attempt on the Viceroy himself and the murder of Mr. Jackson. And now, when the reformed Imperial Council meets for the first time, comes the assassination of the police inspector Shams-ul-Alam. Lord Minto seems to feel it necessary to deny that we have here the least semblance of cause and effect, and the fact that he feels called upon to make such a denial is one among the many notable points in his address.

But we look with more interest to the future than to the past. It is too late now to ask Lord Minto to suspend reform until revolt has been suppressed. Had this been done, the Asiatic would have noted it and understood. As things are, reform may be misconstrued as a concession to open clamour and subdued revolt. There is yet time to correct that impression where it has been given. Lord Minto's promise for the future sounds well. Even he is beginning to realise that ordinary judicial procedure is powerless to check an increase in the number of these crimes. He sees at last that it is necessary to stiffen the Executive. The cumulative effect of the late murders has brought the thing home to him; and he has been helped to a tardy conviction by the representations made to him by the Indian chiefs and rulers whose advice he has so wisely called in at the last moment. The Nizam and his fellow princes have told him what he failed to realise earlier—that the policy of conciliation has failed to meet the evils of the case, even if it has not aggravated them. At last Lord Minto has been brought to see that there is abroad in India "a spirit of anarchy and lawlessness which seeks to subvert British rule" and incidentally that of the native princes also. Lord Minto admits: "We are aware of associations which are doing their best to inveigle into their meshes the youth of the country, poisoned by the dissemination of revolutionary literature which we have tolerated too long". Can it be possible

that Lord Minto was not aware of the existence of such associations and such literature before? He speaks as of something new; yet these things are as old as his own administration. Now, at the end, we have a brave new promise "if need be to rule with a strong hand".

If we can trust this promise, it is not even now too late. The key to the situation lies in the control of the press. Well, a new Press Act is promised. At the same time there is ominous indication that it will be opposed in the new Council. This would make a bad beginning. Then, when through, the Act must include some guarantee for its effective administration. Legislation is useless without that stiffening throughout of the Executive which is the one safeguard against anarchy. Lord Minto will have to act all the more drastically because he is acting late. It is the penalty of mildness that it brings the mild ruler to a position where he must be doubly severe. Lord Minto is now in that position. He has made his promise. It remains for him to redeem it. What are the practical steps he will take to put down conspiracy and restore order? That is the first question we ask of him. A question full of interest and meaning for the future of India is then at once suggested. What active assistance in this enterprise will Lord Minto receive from the newly elected counsellors of the State, or the "educated classes" which they represent? Much will hang thereon.

THE CITY.

THE City is once more concerning itself with Government finance. It seems certain that a new loan will be needed, if only to redeem the existing War Loan now maturing; but there is also the prospect of a big sum being added for naval purposes. To make the loan a success attractive terms will have to be offered, and the new stock must inevitably come into competition with existing Consols; hence there has been considerable selling this week of British Government securities. Other markets, however, have been surprisingly steady. Investment business is, of course, always active in January—immense sums then come into the hands of the public in the form of dividends which must perforce be reinvested. February, too, is usually a busy month for investment, as then the home railway dividends are disbursed. Sentiment plays an important part in determining the actual amount which shall go into Stock Exchange securities, and the existence of a weak Government is not usually a stimulus to purchases; but it is undoubtedly a fact that the public are now seeking to dissociate their investments from politics and are taking a broader view of markets than they did in the past year. They will have the choice of large numbers of new securities before long, including many colonial issues. All our colonies want money, and none is more deserving of support than Australia. The large number of branches recently opened by Australian banks is worth recording as affording the best evidence of the great improvement which has taken place in the agricultural position of the Commonwealth. Banks are ready to give increased facilities to their customers, but they do not open branches unless they see profitable business ahead. The present promises to be a "bumper" year for Australia, and more particularly for Western Australia, which from importing cereals has now become an exporter. Bitter experience has taught the Australian farmer much, and he can now grow wheat under the most trying circumstances—the system of cultivation being known as the dry process. Companies such as Dalgety and Co., Goldsbrough Mort, Australian Mortgage Land and Finance, Australian Estates and Mortgage, and the Scottish Australian Investment all stand to share in the prosperity of the colony, and as they have all had their bad times in days gone by, no one will begrudge them a run of good luck.

With regard to the week's business in the Stock Exchange the market which stands out most prominently is that for rubber shares. It has become almost a mania with the public to buy them, and they now occupy a position nearly equal to Kaffirs in the

'95 boom. Shares go on rising almost without interruption, and the explanation of this is that the buyers pay for their purchases instead of operating on "cangango". Brokers are not insisting upon this, but they do their utmost to discourage speculative transactions, and herein lies the great stability of the market. Herein, too, the movement differs from the ordinary mining-share boom. There must come a halt in the rise sooner or later, as the enormous premiums to which shares are being carried is placing them on the level of "gilt-edged" securities—which they certainly are not. The only scope for buyers now would seem to be in shares of new companies, of which there is no dearth, though it is as difficult to get an allotment in any well accredited undertaking as it was in the never-to-be-forgotten days when the public fought for priority to deposit their applications for Allsopp stock or Burma Ruby Mines. Many of the successful allottees in those companies now wish they had not been amongst the favoured few.

By reason of the rise in the shares of the Mexico Mines of El Oro, Mexican mining shares are attracting a large amount of attention. These particular shares were quoted about 6 at the end of last year; they are now changing hands over 8. This makes them rather a prohibitive purchase, but there are other promising shares to be had on bedrock terms. We refer more especially to Tominal, now quoted about 16s. The property of this company has undergone many vicissitudes, mainly owing to the want of cash for development. It has now been brought to the producing stage, and should before long become a regular producer. Actual crushing is delayed until an aerial ropeway is completed, which should be about the beginning of April. Thereafter the mill can be kept regularly supplied with good payable ore. Some rich stuff has been taken out at intervals of development, and there is reason to believe that equally good ore still exists in the mine. The property may not prove a second Mexico El Oro, but it has possibilities for the mining speculator. Barranca is reported to be a good Mexican property, but it is not our choice. Hudsons Consolidated, Limited, have the controlling interest, and we are not impressed with the management. No particulars are available as to the issue of new capital by this parent undertaking. The prospectus gives scanty details of the assets to be taken over.

The course of the American railway market goes to show that the big houses have abandoned the "bull" campaign. Movements have been most violent and prices have fallen on an average about \$5. In the case of the Union Pacific the decline is about \$8. Three big copper producers have been "merged" during the week, but the trust which is to control practically the whole output of the United States is still a long way off.

THE DAY OF THE POLL.

By LORD DUNSANY.

IN the town by the sea it was the day of the poll, and the poet regarded it sadly when he woke and saw the light of it coming in at his window between two small curtains of gauze. And the day of the poll was beautifully bright; stray bird-songs came to the poet at the window; the air was crisp and wintry, but it was the blaze of sunlight that had deceived the birds. He heard the sound of the sea that the moon led up the shore, dragging the months away over the pebbles and shingles and piling them up with the years where the worn-out centuries lay; he saw the majestic downs stand facing mightily southwards; he saw the smoke of the town float up to their heavenly faces—column after column rose calmly into the morning as house by house was waked by peering shafts of the sunlight and lit its fires for the day; column by column went up toward the serene downs' faces, and failed before they came there and hung all white over houses; and everyone in the town was raving mad.

It was a strange thing that the poet did, for he hired the largest motor in the town and covered it with all the flags he could find and set out to save an

intelligence. And he presently found a man whose face was hot, who shouted that the time was not far distant when a candidate whom he named would be returned at the head of the poll by a thumping majority. And by him the poet stopped and offered him a seat in the motor that was covered with flags. When the man saw the flags that were on the motor, and that it was the largest in the town, he got in. He said that his vote should be given for that fiscal system that had made us what we are, in order that the poor man's food should not be taxed to make the rich man richer. Or else it was that he would give his vote for that system of tariff reform which should unite us closer to our colonies with ties that should long endure, and give employment to all. But it was not to the polling-booth that that motor went, it passed it and left the town and came by a small white winding road to the very top of the downs. There the poet dismissed the car and led that wondering voter on to the grass and seated himself on a rug. And for long the voter talked of those imperial traditions that our forefathers had made for us and which he should uphold with his vote, or else it was of a people oppressed by a feudal system that was out of date and effete and that should be ended or mended. But the poet pointed out to him small, distant, wandering ships on the sunlit strip of sea, and the birds far down below them, and the houses below the birds, with the little columns of smoke that could not find the downs.

And at first the voter cried for his polling-booth like a child; but after a while he grew calmer, save when faint bursts of cheering came twittering up to the downs, when the voter would cry out bitterly against the misgovernment of the Radical party, or else it was—I forget what the poet told me—he extolled its splendid record.

"See", said the poet, "these ancient beautiful things, the downs and the old-time houses and the morning, and the grey sea in the sunlight going mumbling round the world. And this is the place they have chosen to go mad in!"

And standing there with all broad England behind him, rolling northward, down after down, and before him the glittering sea too far for the sound of the roar of it, there seemed to the voter to grow less important the questions that troubled the town. Yet he was still angry.

"Why did you bring me here?" he said again.

"Because I grew lonely", said the poet, "when all the town went mad."

Then he pointed out to the voter some old bent thorns, and showed him the way that a wind had blown for a million years, coming up at dawn from the sea; and he told him of the storms that visit the ships, and their names and whence they come and the currents they drive afield, and the way that the swallows go. And he spoke of the down where they sat, when the summer came, and the flowers that were not yet and the different butterflies, and about the bats and the swifts, and the thoughts in the heart of man. He spoke of the aged windmill that stood on the down, and of how to children it seemed a strange old man who was only dead by day. And as he spoke and as the sea-wind blew on that high and lonely place, there began to slip away from the voter's mind meaningless phrases that had crowded it long—thumping majority—victory in the fight—terminological inexactitudes—and the smell of paraffin lamps dangling in heated school-rooms, and quotations taken from ancient speeches because the words were long. They fell away, though slowly, and slowly the voter saw a wider world and the wonder of the sea. And the afternoon wore on and the winter evening came and the night fell and all black grew the sea, and about the time that the stars come blinking out to look upon our littleness the polling-booth closed in the town.

When they got back the turmoil was on the wane in the streets, night hid the glare of the posters, and the tide, finding the noise abated and being at the flow, told an old tale that he had learned in his youth about the deeps of the sea, the same which he had told to

coastwise ships that brought it to Babylon by the way of Euphrates before the doom of Troy.

I blame my friend the poet, however lonely he was, for preventing this man from registering his vote (the duty of every citizen); but perhaps it matters less, as it was a foregone conclusion, because the losing candidate, either through poverty or sheer madness, had neglected to subscribe to a single football club.

A SURVIVAL OF CUSTOM.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

A FEW days ago, on a frosty morning, between the hours of eleven and twelve, as I was walking quickly down Regent Street, I paused to avoid collision with a handsome, middle-aged lady who, from a coroneted automobile, darted across the pavement with a haste that indicated a desire to avoid public notice. It was but a glimpse I had of her. But I noted that she was hatless, and that the elaborate edifice of her dyed hair was topped with a comb of diamonds which flashed bravely even under a leaden sky. They, in conjunction with an opera-cloak of white satin, betokened that their wearer was in evening dress. And, as the momentary vision flashed past me, I wondered of what fantastic tryst or orgy the fringe had thus been lifted for me. Gazing at the door through which the lady had vanished, I shook my head. I was assailed by vague and sinister memories of the closing days of the Roman, Venetian, and other Empires. All down the street were being hawked the early editions of the evening papers. The air was electric with political excitement. But what matter, thought I, the triumph of either party if our national life be already rotten at the core? The doom of England: could this be the message which Halley's inauspicious comet was speeding to deliver? My soul rose up in wrath, and "we have been betrayed", I muttered. But morbid curiosity, as it so often does, got the upper hand of moral indignation, and I wanted, as I stood there in the street, to penetrate behind that door of evil secrets. And then, for the first time, I noticed the superscription. It was that of a fashionable photographer.

I drew a sigh which I hope was wholly of relief, and went my way, re-assured. I was sorry for the lady, not merely because my thoughts had wronged her, but because of the ghastly trial she was at this moment suffering. That she had brought it on herself was a fact that could but exacerbate the bitterness. From what reserves of folly and vanity does a woman, past her prime, steel herself to the business of being decked out, on a frosty morning, in the costume appropriate to a well-lit ball-room? By what profound lack of humour is she unrestrained from completing a business which fortitude has enabled her to essay? Conceive the procedure of that tragic toilet. The blinds are pulled down, one supposes, and the lights are lit. But outside this fool's paradise is the hard, bleak light of day—bleaker and harder than ever beneath the sky-light, or from the great north-facing window, of the photographer's studio which is this fool's goal. It needs a quite young woman, in morning dress, on a quite sunny day, to look passable in that studio. Even she does not look her best. In justice to that best, the negative must be touched up; and even so, the proofs, when they are sent to her, come always as a slight shock. I wonder if the lady whom I saw in Regent Street has received her proofs yet. Probably not. The task of touching them up to the point of possible presentability would be a long and arduous one. The awful moment of their arrival is still to come. I see the trembling fingers with which the parcel will be opened, and the dull horror in the eyes of their beholder. She, poor lady, will sit down and write an order for a dozen or two of copies, so that the photographer shall not know how he has mortified her pride. And these, when they are delivered, she will put carefully away where no one, not even herself, shall ever see them. And anon (the irony of it!) she will try another photographer, and another, harking on till, at length, even she can resist no longer the pressure of the hand of Time.

It is extraordinary that women more often than men submit themselves into the hands of professional photographers. It is extraordinary for the reason that personal appearance is to women a matter of far greater importance than it is to men. The shock felt by a man when he sees what a photographer has made of him is far less acute than the shock that a woman feels in like case. But why, even so, should he ever let the photographer make anything of him at all? There is no charm in the actual process of being photographed. Your heart does not throb with rapture when you are conducted into that little ante-room and left there to consult the mirror and see whether your hair and your neck-tie be not disordered. Your instinct is to make a dash for freedom. Too late! You find yourself led into the studio, where the air is thick partly with the gloom and the heart-flutterings of your predecessors, and partly with the amiable efforts of the photographer to put you at your ease. With an air of desperate nonchalance you subside on the carved chair which he indicates. You are told that your attitude is "perfect": you must be taken "just as you are". For a moment you feel that you have been rather clever; but "chin a little more up", and various other injunctions, enforced by gentle prods and tugs which you have not the spirit to resent; and, just when you have conjured a little animation into your face, the back of your head is firmly inlipped in an instrument kept for that purpose; and so you remain, trying not to blink, and with all youth and hope withered within you, while the photographer counts the seconds of your ordeal. I think this long-drawn process of counting is less awful than that other process by which a blinding light, after due warning, is flashed in your face. But it seems to me odd that, when so much boast has been made about the advance of photographic science, these barbarous old methods have not been superseded. Of course, if the day happens to be brilliantly fine . . . but this is never the day of your appointment with a photographer. And, even if it were, the fact of your being out for the purpose of being photographed would suffice to cast a gloom over you, rigidify you, rob your face and limbs of just that which a photograph ought to preserve.

The only photographs that are tolerable are the photographs of people one has never seen. Over the old albums I can pore with delight. I like those "cartes-de-visite" in which not yet had photography slipped the grand manner of Sir Thomas Lawrence. I like the marble column and the looped curtain of velvet and the balustrade and the bosky park behind this or that whiskered and peg-top-trousered gentleman who holds firmly in his hand a scroll of paper. I like, too, this and that lady leaning across a rustic stile, with the forefinger of one hand pressed pensively to her cheek. As a record of costume, photographs are admirable and amusing. As a record of what the wearers of those costumes really looked like, they are quite negligible. It would be great good fun to have albums even older than those of which I have spoken. But, if all the illustrious figures in history had been photographed, the mystery that is a part of their charm would not be violated. I should like to see cartes-de-visite of Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Nell Gwynne, Socrates, Velasquez, Joan of Arc, Julius Cæsar, and so on. But I should not then be one whit the wiser as to the actual semblance of these folk.

To see yourself as you are, to give true presentments of yourself to your friends, to leave such presentments of yourself for future generations—these are very natural and laudable wishes. But they cannot be achieved through visits to the studios of the photographers. They can be achieved, though, by a far simpler process. When photography was a brand-new invention, it was natural that people should frequent the studios. The gloom of the ordeal was lightened by its novelty; and the awful results were dulcified by the suspicion of the miraculous. But now the snap-shot camera, which any pauper can possess, and any duffer can learn to use well enough, has taken away from the professional photographer his excuse for existence. He still survives because the human race is slow to grasp

new facts, and slower still to act on them. It is quick enough to grasp new toys; and it instantly grasped the snap-shot camera. Also, it has come to perceive that these little portraits, taken in diffused sunlight, and taken by a friend on the spur of the moment, with or without the sitter's knowledge, are infinitely more "like" than the best studio-lighted photograph ever taken by a professional. Yet the dismal old habit of "going to the photographer's" is still with us. I wonder how long it will dismally linger.

FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE.

II.—THE VILLAGE.

ONE cannot generalise on French village life. The variety of industries in North, South, and Centre gives every village its own type. The collier of the Nord and of the Pas de Calais is a totally different man from his fellow in the Loire. The peasant of the Somme can never be compared with his brother in the Beauce; whilst the Teuton of the eastern frontier has a totally different conception of life from the Kelt of Brittany. Normandy and Anjou are as distinct as the Dauphiné and Gascony; in fact volumes might be written on the main characteristics of village life in modern France. Military service, which means the emigration of the young men from their own departments for two of the most important years of their lives, has done a great deal to leaven the whole; but when they return home many of their family influences reassert themselves, and the Picard remains as different in his conceptions of life from the Vendéen as the Savoyard is from the Norman. We are thus reminded that there are as many distinct types in France as there are in England and Wales, in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, notwithstanding the common language outside Brittany, the Languedoc and the Basque country. Picardy is that part of France which lies between Flanders on the one side and the Isle de France on the other. The Picards are a strong and powerful race, intensely individualist and sensitive, trusting their neighbours but little and keeping very much to themselves. Rapid thinkers and tenacious, they are certainly destined to succeed in the long run. The average man lives on less than his income and is particularly jealous of his independence. They are therefore more likely to be upset by the prospective income tax which is to compel every man to disclose his resources to the authorities than by any other Act. If it ever becomes law the Government will have to look out for squalls, for the Picards are fond of putting by, and with this object in view will submit to any privation. A wealthy farmer who pleaded guilty to an annual income of £1200, but who was probably much better off, boasted the other day that he rarely spent more than one-and-threepence on his daily food. This does not imply that he is not fond of amusement. When away from home he feeds well; he is fond of shooting; and when he gives a spread produces the best of old wine and denies nothing either to himself or to his friends; but, then, this is a rare event. His wife and his sons' wives do all or nearly all the housework. It is only now that his wife has been ailing for some time that they indulge in the luxury of a maid-of-all-work; and yet with all this simplicity they have furniture and pictures which men of their own position in England would never think of storing up. He was offered a pretty large sum for one of these pictures, which he had originally received in payment of a bad debt; but he pleaded guilty to an affection for it, and said it must only be sold for a very substantial sum of money. All these wealthy peasants live in the same way. They have, some of them, £5000 a year, but no one would think it. One of them, who is a sugar refiner, has spent a fortune on his refinery, and has found his money well invested. He now allows his wife the luxury of a dogcart, on which she pays visits to her friends; but she generally saves the cook the trouble of opening the door. They ostensibly spend £600 a year, and either put by what is left or invest it in improved plant or machinery. They

are not particularly liberal in their donations to the Church, or, indeed, to anything else; but some of them are fond of gambling. As, however, they are all of pretty nearly equal strength and always gamble with the same friends and neighbours for the same large sums of money, it does not often happen that their annual losses upon this score are serious. These may be said to represent the aristocracy of our village. There are rumours that they are looking forward to the day when the owners of the château, who, unlike this wealthy bourgeoisie, spend their money without thinking of accumulating their savings for a rainy day, may have to sell the place. If we descend a step lower in the social scale we find the same characteristics in the Père Dubois, a substantial farmer who gets up at three o'clock in the morning in the summer and at six in the winter. He cultivates his own land, but is never at a loss when an honest penny is to be earned. He will willingly take five francs for carrying the luggage of those who are staying at the château to or from the station, and yet he can afford to spend large sums of money when his wife has to undergo an operation. They live simply enough at home; but when the good woman went up to Paris nothing would suit her but one of the most costly nursing-homes, where she freely criticised the board as by no means up to the mark. When she returned home her convalescence was of long duration. She was unable to do the housework and had to engage a servant, and this was felt to be a far greater grievance than the five thousand francs which the operation cost from start to finish. Uncharitable tongues will wag even in French villages, and it was said that Père Dubois had been heard to complain of his hard lot. Had his wife succumbed after all, he would have done his duty in sparing no expense to see she was well cared for; but it was indeed bad luck to have to feed one who could not attend to his domestic comforts.

The Picard is not essentially religious, and the little church is but poorly attended on Sundays and holidays. It is true that the sugar refiner employs the whole population from October to January in his factory, whilst the beet must be cultivated at other times. It is hard to get a day off for man, woman, or child, and the Picard is essentially material. There are days, however, when the whole population is to be seen at church. Thus, on 1 November, they pray for all their dead relatives, as well as on the day set apart for those who belong especially to the parish. The feast of the patron saints, Christmas Day, the New Year, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday are also safe draws; but apart from these few days, the château, its servants, and a few neighbours make up the whole congregation. Others would probably attend were it not that they are haunted by the fear that their Clericalism will be noted in high quarters and that they will be exposed to the necessary consequences should they ever want anything out of the Government. Thus the schoolmaster's wife would never think of attending the village church, as to do so would interfere with her husband's promotion, but travels some four miles off and attends Mass with her own family.

Our village is a picturesque one, standing on the hillside within easy reach by motor of Amiens. It would be dangerous to say more, as it could then be identified; however, these Picard characteristics may be found anywhere between Abbeville and Beauvais. They are not an evil-disposed people. If properly handled they are capable of great self-sacrifice for those who have won their affection; but the law of their being is a grasp of the material side of life.

A MEMORIAL CONCERT: A BACH CONCERTO: AN ENGLISH OVERTURE.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MANY a man after a beautiful and useful life passes to the grave, and few outside his immediate circle of friends know whether he wrought for good or evil; few know and none care. Such men do not desire

newspaper paragraphs and memorial services: nothing would please them less. The quiet almsgiver, whose left hand knows not what his right hand does, would not be delighted to find his deeds of philanthropy shone up by limelight on a screen in Trafalgar Square. The late Mr. A. J. Jaeger, an employee in the firm of Novello, was this kind of man. I only spoke to him twice, and until he was dead did not know his name. He was peaceful, polite; did not, so far as I knew or know, write in the press; he seemed to be always busy at concerts doing nothing—he was, so to speak, unobtrusively fussy. After his death it turned out that he had been in the habit of telling certain critics what they ought to say about the music he liked; and some of the critics now—I do not say the same critics—are eagerly expressing the obligation the world is under to him for his “unflinching championship” of a few composers. Well, I am the last man in the world to object to critics who don't know learning from people who do know. The plan is much better than that of an assistant critic whose chief told him what to say about all the prominent artists of the day. The assistant naturally reflected that as he knew what he had to say it was needless to attend concerts. So one morning a great daily appeared with a notice of a concert. The notice was admirable; all the chief critic's stock phrases were employed. The defect in the arrangement became manifest only when it turned out that the concert had not taken place. I honour men like Mr. Jaeger, who prevented such disasters occurring; and on Monday evening I paid my homage to him at a memorial concert in which five conductors, two solo singers, a male-voice choir, and the London Symphony Orchestra took part. Sir Hubert Parry directed a performance of his own “Overture to an unwritten tragedy”; and I wished it had been an unwritten overture to a tragedy. Some songs by Dr. Walford Davies and Sir Edward Elgar proved good; Mr. Coleridge Taylor conducted his own empty, noisy and nonsensical ballade in A minor; and Dr. Richter gave fine renderings of Elgar's well-known variations and of the “Meistersinger” overture. Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Muriel Foster both sang finely, the second with rare beauty of tone. It was a merry evening. Whether, as I have hinted, the late Mr. Jaeger would have approved of it is more than I can say. But one thing must be added; the Symphony Orchestra played magnificently.

On many grounds the entertainment provided on Saturday, 15 January, was well worth attending. Some most interesting things were played, and the conductor was one of the greatest in Europe. I would go a long way at any time to hear the C minor concerto of Mozart, and nearly as far to hear old Haydn's symphony—or, rather, sinfonietta—in E flat major, and as far again to avoid a “Valse Triste” of Sibelius and “Les Djinns” overture of that extremely wearisome composer, César Franck. These pieces were duly performed; also an overture, “Everyman”, by Dr. Walford Davies, and the Brandenburg concerto No. 5 by Bach. This last towered high above everything else on the programme, and it is inspiring to note that Bach's vitality is not yet exhausted, a “new suite” by this promising young composer being announced for performance on April 12. While awaiting this novelty with eager interest, the Brandenburg concerto was something to be going on with; and it occurred to me during the afternoon that some of our English composers might learn something from it. It is nearly two hundred years old; it is plain, direct, simple; the composer seems to have worried himself about neither his individuality nor his nationality; and there it stands—fresh, mighty in strength, lovely, purely Bach, and as purely German. It is a glorious river of music; one feels in every bar of it the force and amplitude of a spirit that could conceive nothing petty. Orchestration there is none: it is written for solo violin, flute, and harpsichord and strings. “Effects” there are none, yet every phrase makes its effect. For sheer beauty the slow middle movement can be matched only by some other of Bach's slow movements and some of Mozart's: the loveliness is often Mozartean, but the

poignant note of pathos is Bach's alone. The band is silent, not to make an effect, but because Bach did not need it; the flute, violin and harpsichord parts intertwine; the phrases given to each instrument are marvelously expressive, and they flow together and mingle in sweet concords and sweeter discords with an apparent perfect artlessness. Bach is never, not even in his most solemn moments, pompous in his style, and in no other of his works does he rely more entirely upon the direct, unornamented utterance of deep feeling. The gigantic spirit of the man, its largeness and power, can be felt in the surging theme of the first movement; its depth and sincerity are not less obvious in the second, though (if Bach had only known it) the melody with its drop of a diminished fourth had been made stale in England even in Restoration times. The finale is a romp with curious moments of gloom—that cloistral gloom which is so marked a characteristic of Bach's church music.

This achievement of Bach was in the strangest contrast to one of the most thoroughly English compositions I have yet come across; but before passing on to this, a few words must be said about the rendering of the concerto. No conductor plays Bach more finely than Mr. Wood; modern though he is, loving lavish colour as he does, when he deals with the men of the old time he plays them just as (one feels sure) they would wish to be played if they lived now. Mr. Fransella is a notable flute-player: his share was excellent from beginning to end. Mr. Maurice Sons was a little too reticent; for depend upon it, Bach, a most brilliant executant himself, would have wished the most to be made of his violin parts. Did he not write those sonatas for the violin—things which must have sounded as showy in the early eighteenth century as any display piece of Liszt sounds now? Still, Mr. Sons' interpretation was sympathetic and thoroughly artistic, and if he erred, he erred in the best possible direction. Mr. Raoul Pugno at the piano was often very unsatisfactory. The piano itself is very unsatisfactory as a substitute for the harpsichord, and there was no need to accentuate its unsatisfactoriness. Mr. Pugno crowded his reading with purely modern, up-to-date touches. On the one hand, he gave us sforzandos and thundering basses which could never have been dreamed of in connexion with the harpsichord; on the other hand, he tinkled and finicked to a degree that would have seemed excessive if Mr. Sauer had been playing a Chopin study or nocturne. The whole performance was mainly saved by Mr. Wood's masterful way with the orchestral portions; he could not keep the balance wholly true between the modern piano and the modern orchestra—in place of the harpsichord and Bach's little band of perhaps a dozen to sixteen players—but he kept it approximately fairly true. Without doubt Mr. Pugno is a genuine artist, but he is too fond of tinkling and musical-box effects. These scarcely suited even the Mozart concerto; and in the case of Bach they were ridiculously misplaced.

Dr. Walford Davies' "Everyman" overture, the contrast mentioned, is the most English piece of music I have yet heard: it is English in its good qualities and in its bad ones. "Everyman", as we all pretend to know, is not originally an English Morality; but either by chance or the old translator's ingenuity, it might have been invented by an Englishman. Bunyan born a century or two earlier might easily have done something like it. The robust health of the thing, the manliness that it preserves through all its varying moods, Dr. Davies has grasped and reproduced in his music. But Bunyan was not a respectable man, the author of "Everyman" was not, the translator was not; and Dr. Davies is. I cannot imagine him walking to the Temple Church of a Sabbath afternoon with a tall hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth. Ancient Peter of Diest certainly did not smoke, Sir Walter Raleigh not having as yet made the famous voyage that was to ruin the nerves of future generations; but if tobacco had been known, I think he would have smoked, and smoked an honest pipe. I feel certain he would have refused to wear a silk hat. Dr. Davies in this music comes before us with the silk hat and without a pipe. The music is far too respectable;

one feels that the composer dreads an "unbuttoned" mood, to use Beethoven's phrase. And this partly spoiled the thing. Some parts of the overture are magnificent: the opening, the second theme of the allegro, most of the recapitulation—these are at once real music and really English. But the Soul's agony and terror in the presence of Death and before the prospect of the Judgment are depicted in a way that can only be termed gentlemanly. Everyman was not gentlemanly; he never wore a tall hat, and would have liked to smoke a pipe. This indicates the fault I find with Dr. Davies' work. In many respects it is a very fine work—almost a noble one; but the composer's sincerity fails in the most acute moments of stress.

How different from the splendid, spontaneous, unself-conscious concerto of Bach! He let his whole soul go forth, caring nothing for what might be said in Kensington Gore about his behaviour. And may I suggest to those who are anxious about the English quality of English music that one reason why we do not produce music which is at once English and good is that this very, very English quality of respectability comes in and chokes us?

THE LONG ROAD.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

Lat. 33°.03' N.; Long. 30°.23' W.

HOW worn it is! how seamed and furrowed and printed with the track-lines of journeys innumerable; how changing, and yet how unchanged! I am here, but seven days from England, in one of the loneliest seas in the world; but seven days from dark December, and in a blaze of June sunshine; but seven days from the life of every day, and already in a new world, a new day. Yet this is the same road that leads to Archangel or Sicily, to Ceylon or to the frozen Pole; the old road that leads to the ruined gateways of Phœnicia, of Venice, of Tyre; the new road that leads to new lives and new lands; the dustless road, the long road that all must travel who in body or in spirit would really discover a new world. For all the tens of thousands of miles that I have journeyed on it, I come back to it always with the same sense of expectation, never wholly disappointed; and always with the same certainty that I shall find, at a turn or corner of the road, some new thing, or the renewal of something old. There are few who travel it steadily to whom in the end it does not bring something good—this long road of the sea.

There is, I suppose, no human experience in which the phenomena of small varieties within one large monotony are so clearly exemplified as in a sea voyage. The dreary and rather sordid beginnings of docks and baggage and soiled harbour water; the quite hopeless confusion of strange faces—faces entirely collective, comprising a mere crowd; the busy highway of the Channel, dim with mist or rain, lighted and bright at night like the main street of a city; the last outpost—the Lizard with its high grey cliffs, green-roofed, with tiny homesteads perched on the ridge; or Ushant, that tall monitory tower upstanding on the melancholy, misty flats—these form the familiar overture to the sudden isolation and vacancy of the long road itself. There are the same day and night of Biscay, the vacant places at table, the prone figures, swathed, bundled, motionless and wretched, in deck-chairs; the morning of brilliant sunshine when the light that streams into the cabins has a vernal strangeness and wonder for town-dimmed eyes; the gradual emergence of new faces, and doubtful staggering back of the demoralised to the blessed freshness of the upper air; the tentative formation of groups and experimental alliances; the rapid disintegration of these and re-formation on entirely new lines; and then that miracle of unending interest and wonder to me, when the faces that were but the blurred material of a crowd begin one by one to emerge from the background, and detach themselves from the mass, to take on identity, individuality, character, until what was a crowd of uninteresting,

unidentified humanity becomes a collection of individual persons with whom one's destinies for the time are strangely and intimately bound up; among whom one has acquaintances, friends, and perhaps enemies; who for a fortnight or so are all one's world of men and women. On this voyage three days out from England occurred the festival of Christmas; and it was strange to see the saloon all festooned with ropes of evergreen and bright with holly while we looked out upon sunlit seas and a summer sky; and to see the mistletoe, so closely associated with snow-covered landscapes and unstable firelight, glinting incongruously against the calm brilliant blue of the waters. There are few alternative agents so powerful and sure in their working as latitude and longitude; and as we slide down into new degrees habit, association, custom and ideas slip one by one imperceptibly away from us; we come really into a new world; and if we had no hearts and no memories, we should soon become different people. But the heart lives its own life, spinning gossamer threads that float away astern, across time and space, joining us invisibly to that which made and fashioned us, and to which we shall return.

There are two things of paramount importance in the lives of passengers on a voyage like this, where few ships are passed and no coasts sighted, and where the weather is a monotonous crescendo of summer: they are meals and games. These, punctuated rather than separated from each other by drowsy idlings in deck-chairs, when the eyes stray constantly from the unheeded book to the long horizon, or to note the trivial doings of other idlers, agreeably speed the pleasant hours. From where I sit in an aerial study of my own, at a table under an awning high upon the bridge, I can command the two lines of the ship. The chatter of voices, the sound of the games, the faint tinkle of music float up to remind me of my fellow-passengers; about me are the spick-and-span sanctities of the bridge, the officer of the watch in his white uniform, the stolid quartermaster at the wheel, his equally stolid companion of the watch who dreams his four hours away on the starboard side of the bridge, the bright brass of the binacles, and of the telegraphs that point unchangingly down to "Full Ahead." . . . I look up again from the paper; the officer of the watch has his sextant at his eye; one by one the Captain, the Chief, the Second and Fourth all come silently up and direct their sextants to the horizon. A quartermaster comes up and touches his cap. "Twelve o'clock, sir." There is silence—a deep, sunny silence broken only by the low tones of the Captain to the Chief. "What have you got?" says the Captain. "Thirty" says the Chief. "Twenty-nine" says the Third. There is another space of sunny, silent seconds; the Captain takes down his sextant. "Make it eight bells" says he. The four double strokes resound from the forecastle head, and the great moment of the day, the moment that means so much to us, is over. The officers retire with pencils and paper and tables of logarithms; from the deck floats up the sounds of a waltz and laughing voices; and time and the world go on with us again.

There are two people here for whom time and the world do not go on as for the rest of us. Their chairs are close together on a quiet part of the deck, where the rounds of quoits and shuffle-board are not insistent; all day long, except for their walks together round the deck, they sit there side by side, not saying much, but dreaming deeply, and enjoying with a full consciousness what are probably the happiest days of their lives. The unturned pages of their books, the smiling eyes that gaze for so long at the far horizon, the sudden meeting of glances, are all eloquent of an ecstatic condition in which the ship, the sea and the passengers are but stage properties, the setting of an inward spiritual drama that absorbs them wholly. The crowd remains a crowd to them; none of us has any individuality for them, they do not recognise our separate faces, nor would they remember one of us if we met in after-years; the whole thing for them is a luxurious monotony of happiness, with whole days before them of which,

except by a miracle, they cannot be cheated, and with a background of ordinary unblest mortals provided, against which the colour of their joy stands sharp and clear. This also is one of the gifts of the sea, one of the territories through which the long road passes; for to how many, many others have not those same fields of foam-flecked blue, those same infinite horizons swinging slowly above and below the ship's rail, been the scenery in which the chief drama of their hearts has been enacted! Up and down the deck, in the foreground of this honeymoon, marches a famous ex-president of the Divorce Court; but they see neither humour nor menace in that. He, indeed, the great untie-er of knots and sunderer of companies, is a bland and benevolent rather than a sinister presence; the thought of all the destinies that he has re-shuffled and determined troubles him not at all; he feels and expresses a sense of interest and satisfaction in his work; and he who has peered so closely and intimately into the shadows of other people's lives, and grown wise with the knowledge of them, stands in the healthy sunshine of his own with that almost episcopal dignity which belongs to his great office. Why should he not, indeed? He has spent the best part of his life adjusting disputes concerning ships and women; and whoever understands the ways of both may justly lay claim to a liberal education.

And meanwhile we all slide westward and southward into sunshine, into summer, into tropical light and colour and heat, stealing hours from time as we march westward with the sun. Already we have thus pilfered three hours; it is bedtime with you when we sit down to dinner, and you have been some hours asleep when the great yellow moon rises and looks down at our dancing and promenading. Where have they come from, these hours? The scientific explanation is simple enough; but there remains the more wonderful mystery of illusion that has thus endowed our hurrying lives with a gift of extended time. If we come back we shall lose these hours again, drop them somewhere in the great vacant fields of the sea, and never recover them; yet we have had them and lived them, and if we were to stay in these western longitudes we should retain them for ever. Even now, as we steal through the hot calm of the Sargasso Sea, that strange collecting-point of all the drift of the Atlantic, we are still gaining minutes and hours of life. The gulf-weed, golden, vernal, teeming with its own life, drifts about us, so that the blue of the waters is shot with its tawny colour.

Do the hours collect here, too, the spare hours, the wasted hours, the hours that have dragged heavily elsewhere, all the hours that people have not lived—do they, like the weed, find their slow way to this great wilderness of quiet water? Do they lie here to be picked up by the passing ships? Or are they the hours that have fled too fast, the hours that have flown by uncounted and unheeded, the golden hours whose presence we never realised until they had gone? I should like to think that the hours we have stolen in these sunny solitudes were composite of such golden, happy moments, for then one might find some of one's own again, and taste once more the joys of a former day. Ah, if that were true, the Sargasso Sea would not be a solitude, but thronged with fleets and navies bearing pilgrims from all the world, coming to search for their joy again. As it is, one may find other people's lost hours, but never one's own; and mine may be drifting out there a mile away among the golden gulf-weed, and someone else may find them; but I shall not. All the same, the three hours that I have found have been pleasant hours, and I thank someone unknown for them. When I come back along this road, and have to return them to the Sargasso Sea, I shall try to substitute three disagreeable hours for them. In that way I shall have gained six hours of happiness; and no one will ever know.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON ELECTORAL PROPHECIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Westminster, 25 January.

SIR,—The statement in your leading article of the 22nd as to what I said "before the first pollings" might be amusing if it were not apocryphal.

As you go the length of using quotation marks, perhaps you would be so good as to say from what report you quote? One likes to credit these little japes to the proper quarter.

As to my supposed tendency to indulge in prophecy, I will admit that before the elections began I scoffed at the boast freely made at that time by Unionists that they were going to win anything from 150 to 200 Liberal seats. I said they couldn't, and they haven't.

ROBT. A. HUDSON.

[The prophecy Sir Robert Hudson refers to was not taken from any newspaper. We received the report orally on the most credible authority. Of course, if Sir Robert did not say it, he did not. Any way, there was nothing very serious credited to him. It is not a moral offence to prophesy unfortunately.—Ed. S. R.]

BRITISH TRADE WITH GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.
21 January 1910.

SIR,—In a recent notice of the "Daily Mail Year Book" you called attention to two sets of figures with regard to our trade with Germany. The "Daily Mail Year Book" gave Great Britain's exports to Germany as £46,381,000, and Germany's exports to Great Britain as £38,030,000. These figures, the Board of Trade inform me, relate to the direct shipments passing between British and German ports.

On another page of the "Daily Mail Year Book" another set of figures states that Germany exports to us £54,959,859, while our total exports to Germany, including re-exports, amount to £46,000,000.

You ask "How does this discrepancy arise?" There is no discrepancy, but the figures require amplification and explanation when used comparatively. The Board of Trade send me the following explanation of the different figures. They say:

"The second set of figures which you quote appears to be taken from a return to the House of Commons (H.C. paper No. 262 of 1909), which gives the value of merchandise imported into the United Kingdom which was consigned thereto from Germany, and the value of consignments of British and foreign and colonial merchandise from the United Kingdom to Germany, whether passing direct between ports in the two countries or via some third country. This set of figures will also be found in the Statistical Abstract at pp. 78, 82, and 83."

I shall be glad if you will kindly publish this explanation, which is of some importance.

PERCY L. PARKER (Editor).

[The discrepancy may be explainable, but discrepancy there certainly is. Surely in a book intended for non-expert workers it should have been made plain that one set of figures included *all* British exports to Germany and German exports to Britain and the other only those carried direct by sea from the one country to the other.—Ed. S. R.]

M. BRIAND'S "CONCESSION" TO THE BISHOP OF BELLEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mount S. Mary's College, Chesterfield,
25 January 1910.

SIR,—In connexion with your excellent article of last week, "M. Briand's Anti-Christian Crusade", the following circumstantial account, published yesterday in the French Catholic press, may possibly interest your readers.

In the article referred to you allude to the French Premier's boasted "concession" to the Bishop of Belley in having a school manual, of which that prelate had complained, corrected. The Premier certainly made this incident do yeoman's service in the cause of "laïcisation". He trotted it out more than once under the vigorous Catholic interpellation, when pressed into uncomfortably tight corners. Perhaps it was the only case he could recall in which his theory of "conciliation" had passed into the region of practice. The "Croix de l'Ain"—supplementary to "La Croix" of Paris (recently bought back after confiscation by its owner, M. Paul Feron-Vrau)—gives the following result of inquiries in the diocese of Belley into the reality of M. Briand's deference to a Catholic bishop:

1. The edition of the manual complained of by the bishop was that of 1902. It is still used in the State schools at Apremont. But the children are not allowed to take it home with them lest, the paper asserts, the parents should be moved to renew complaints against it. Hence, to begin with, M. Briand's statement in debate that the manual had been put away in the school library was contrary to fact.

2. The edition of this manual which has been "corrected" is *not* the one just mentioned as being still in use, but that of 1906. Yet it was not till 1907 that the bishop wrote to M. Briand! But, besides, even this "corrected" edition is still unknown at Apremont and in l'Ain.

3. The so-called "correction" turns out to be a mere fraud. It is only the title of the chapter objected to that has been modified: two pages (207-208), containing incriminated matter, remain unaltered, and a third (page 209), equally objectionable, is reproduced almost intact. But, in any case, even this edition is not to be found at Apremont, apart from the other fact that the delusive "correction" was made months before the bishop's application, and hence cannot have been due to it, as M. Briand claimed to his credit.

Supposing, then, the accuracy of the above very detailed account—and there seems no reason to doubt it—quite a new meaning is imparted to the Peacemaker's gentle plaint in the Chamber that if the other French bishops had only been friendly enough to deal with him as he of Belley had done, they too would have been given like satisfaction. Not a doubt of it!

It would appear that the inquiry made on the spot where this Grecian gift of "Aristide" was said to be rejoicing an episcopal heart had not been completed at the time of the debate in the French Chamber. But M. Briand will no doubt have his attention publicly called to the result before he is much older.

F. M. DE ZULUETA S. J.

POLITICS IN EVENING SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield, 24 January 1910.

SIR,—As a teacher I recognise the truth of your article on "The London Crowd". But can much be expected from teaching given under present-day elementary-school conditions? The first essential is an effective body of teachers; but the pay, prospects and position of teachers are not now sufficient even to keep the best in the schools; they seek other work, since an apostolic zeal for teaching cannot possibly be included as a constant factor in salary schemes affecting in all hundreds of thousands of individuals. Recent gluts have, moreover, injured somewhat existing conditions of service.

But even effective teachers are able to do but little with the serried ranks of children they have to face each morning and put through their drill, mental, moral and physical, in squads of fifty, sixty and seventy. Classes must therefore be smaller. Again, at the age of fourteen a boy in the secondary school is about to move into the upper school, where his real moulding begins; but at the same age the elementary-school boy is sent to work. We must therefore have an upper school for these boys if only to conserve their earlier training, and we shall find this in the evening continuation school—

a continuation, that is to say, of the general training of the individual; for, although the vocational school affords perhaps the best type of evening-school training whenever it can be started, yet nowadays we cannot assume that everybody is following a definite craft; many therefore must receive a general rather than a special training.

In all evening schools the course should be ultimately political. A course of history so conceived as to leave broad, clear impressions is, it seems to me, a political and economic necessity. Its fruit would be, if not exactly political science, at least a familiarity with political terms and a practice in political thinking without which we can never have a democracy. Mr. Sidney Webb said that Mr. Chamberlain's recent propaganda would have gained considerably if he had known the history of his subject; and all those who have studied, for example, the mercantile system will agree with this statement, especially if the electorate as a whole had possessed some working knowledge of the subject as well.

In addition to politics we need aesthetics in the evening schools. The reserves of moral force we undoubtedly possess are for the most part untapped because of our lack of imagination and sensitiveness: our concrete type of mind is fatally ready to adapt itself to its surroundings. Will power is seldom released by merely intellectual processes: prove the existence of an evil to a man and he straightway becomes a stoic: he grins and bears it; but if we so arrange that the evil becomes an active annoyance to him he is at once roused to end it. Most evils have unpleasant outward manifestations; and if we can so train people's susceptibilities that the external ugliness of the evil becomes intolerable to them the evil itself is in a fair way to disappear. Mr. Binyon, in his article on "Arts and Crafts", touches another aspect of the same question: "Debase work and you debase leisure".

While in "The London Crowd" you question the effectiveness of school influence, in the article on France you show how thoroughly effective for good or evil a school system may become. Why should there be such a difference in the influence of the two national systems? English teachers are not hopelessly inferior to French teachers; the difference must be sought therefore in the direction rather than the personnel of the two systems. In France the statesmen know what they want, and they get it through the schools: as the teachers are directed, so the State develops. In England, on the other hand, no statesman has yet decided what he wants of the schools, since there is no general feeling on the subject for any statesman to focus; as a result we get nothing definite from our schools, though perhaps the example of France may suggest the danger of attempting to direct education at all.

FRANK J. ADKINS.

PATRIOTISM?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that the alarums and excursions are over, and each side has secured a great moral victory, on the plea of patriotism, it may be worth while to inquire into the right that either wing of the Capitalist Party, the Tory-Liberals or the Liberal-Tories, have to the use of the word that heads this letter. Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. Well, we have progressed (I am told) since his time, and it may now be defined as the first blast on the tin trumpet of the politician.

They are all patriots, Tory-Liberals and Liberal-Tories alike. Yet the country will inevitably be ruined if either section of the great party gets into power; both sections say so, and affirm it with posters. During the recent election, which resembled nothing so much as the discharge of a gigantic sewer into a vast and mephitic cesspool, so rank was the abuse, so vile the imputation of dishonourable motives, and so open, naked, and unashamed the scramble for the loaves and fishes, every lie was uttered, every personality belched

forth, and every dishonourable trick resorted to in the name and under the style of patriotism.

Sir Thomas More, looking round the world in the person of one of the characters in his Utopia, discerned nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men seeking their own commodities under the style and title of the Commonwealth. If we have progressed politically since the days of Dr. Johnson, it is certain that we have made little economic progress since those of Sir Thomas More. All that we seem to have gained is the loss of shame, and that is the greatest gain that can happen to a politician of the calibre of the "patriots" who have just put up the British Empire to Dutch auction. That is really what a General Election amounts to. The pity of it is that the prize is usually knocked down to such low bidders. "Free Trade and cheap bread", cries the Liberal. "Protection and high wages", the Tories roar. You will observe, it is all with the pretence of the public good, just as it was in the days of Sir Thomas More.

The speeches of Ministers and even of unsalaried candidates never revealed the smallest real interest in the lot of the poor. Yet the question of the unemployed is the only question that is worth any study to a serious politician. Mr. Balfour confesses that Protection would not be a remedy. He could hardly do otherwise with the examples of Germany and the United States before his eyes. Mr. Asquith cannot pretend that Free Trade is a solvent. If he does, he had better walk down the Thames Embankment some night. Neither can escape the dilemma by averring all the unemployed are unemployable, for the question at once arises, If that is the case, did they not become so under the alternate rule of the Liberal and Tory parties?

How, then, are the rival mud-slingers of the Liberal and Tory gang entitled to the title of patriot which they so fully claim for themselves and so utterly deny to the opposite wing of their party? Surely the idea of pay rather takes the gilt off the patriotic gingerbread? Yet the first action of whichever section is victor in the sham fight they call an election, is to appoint a Cabinet. This Cabinet, containing some twenty members, will adjudge itself salaries out of the national purse, ranging from ten thousand a year to the head swagman, down to, say, one thousand to the sub-secretary of useless affairs. If the thing stopped there, it might not be so obvious, for even patriots must live, though the necessity of their doing so requires a very achromatic microscope to disclose it. Their uncles, nephews, relations will each have his little bit out of the plunder of the Empire when once the swag is shared. What of the best information about stocks and shares?

Lastly, what of the contracts? Remember the brown-paper boots in the Boer war; do not forget the putrid beef. Yet these commodities were furnished by the purest-souled of patriots. It might be well to keep in mind the half-tamed "redomones" (for this word ask your Argentine tipster in the City) furnished as well-broken troop-horses, and given to our men to ride upon to catch the Boers.

Before I pass from this, as patriots say, how does it happen that the framer of the telegram, "Send no mounted men", has never yet been tarred and feathered, as he ought to be?

Patriots, eh? I thought a patriot was one who served his country without the thought of a reward. Well, we have changed all that, and both wings of the great Tory-Liberal party, first and foremost, have gone out for the swag. After all, what is a Dreadnought but a swag-ship, whether in England or in Germany? Swag in the contract, swag in the steel of which the ship is built, in every link of the chain cable—swag from truck to keel. Build ten, build eight, build twenty Dreadnoughts, whether at Portsmouth or at Kiel: the object of their building will be swag, for as Sir Thomas More said, now three hundred years ago, nothing is to be seen but a conspiracy of certain rich men (patriots) seeking their own commodities under the style and title of the Commonwealth.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

REVIEWS.

SPIRITS OR SUBCONSCIOUS SELF?

"The Survival of Man." By Sir Oliver Lodge.
London: Methuen. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

UNDER this title Sir Oliver Lodge gives a brief survey of that part of the work of the Society for Psychical Research which bears upon the question of the survival of death. The survey is naturally coloured by Sir Oliver's own point of view, and it is not, and does not pretend to be, representative of the attitude of the society as a whole. The society, in fact, has no attitude, except that of honest and careful inquiry. It is not responsible for the opinions of its members; and it can only be judged by the immense collection of material embodied in its "Proceedings" and "Transactions". Commonly, it must be added, it is misjudged. It is associated, in the public mind, with societies avowedly and uncritically spiritualistic or theosophic, and is supposed to be adducing dubious instances in favour of preconceived theories, when really it is collecting well-attested data as a basis for possible knowledge. The society, in fact, has been as useful in its destructive as in its constructive work. It has had to expose error and fraud as well as to affirm facts; and it has performed this task with unflinching scruple. It exposed, for example, years ago, the notorious medium Eusapia Paladino; and, though a recent commission sent out by the council to investigate her again has reported in her favour, its report is being subjected to a vigorous destructive criticism by other members of the society. Meantime, the mass of evidence collected on such subjects as crystal-gazing, dowsing, telepathy, automatic writing and speech, is, on the face of it, very imposing, and must be taken account of in future by all serious students of human faculty.

All this has not necessarily any connexion with spiritualism or the survival of death; it stands on its own merits, and waits for the hypothesis that shall explain it most plausibly. But it is, no doubt, the question of the survival of death that most interests many members of the society and that portion of the public which is interested in its work. And Sir Oliver's book is a useful summary of the evidence that has been collected bearing upon that topic.

That evidence is, for the most part, of the kind that purports to be spiritualistic. It consists, that is, of communications written or spoken automatically by living persons and professing to proceed from dead persons. Fraud may be reasonably ruled out. Mrs. Piper, who plays a large part in the phenomena, is a professional medium and, as such, obnoxious to suspicion. But she has been under very close observation for many years; and a great deal of what proceeds from her is not explicable by fraud, even if it were proved that she is as fraudulent as she can be. The other automatists are persons whose good faith cannot be doubted by those who are acquainted with them. But even if it were, fraud on their part would not plausibly explain all the phenomena. It may be assumed, then, that we have to do with automatic writing and speech genuinely produced by honest people. But it does not, of course, follow that the writing does really proceed from those deceased members of the society—Dr. Hodgkin, Mr. Myers, and others—from whom it purports to proceed. The form of the script proves nothing except a considerable capacity for dramatisation on the part of what we call, in our ignorance, the "subconscious self". It is the content on which we must rely in seeking to determine the origin of the communications. And—contrary to a very natural but quite unreasonable preconception—the content can testify to its origination in the mind of a deceased person only if it be sufficiently trivial. The most august and tremendous revelations about the nature of a world beyond death could prove nothing, for we could not verify them. But if a communication purporting to proceed from a dead man recalls to his friends little details of the past which they recognise as true there is some *prima facie* pre-

sumption that the dead man is really communicating. Such a presumption, however, is very far from being a demonstration. For the details recorded, to be recognised as true, must be actually or potentially in some living mind. This may be the mind of the automatist; in which case it is most natural to suppose that the communications originate in his "subconscious self". Or it may be some other mind; and then it may be supposed that the communication originates there and is transferred telepathically to the automatist. We do not, it is true, know the conditions or the limits of telepathy; and that is one of the great difficulties of the subject. But some experiments recorded in the "Proceedings" of the society strongly suggest that thought-transference may occur across a wide distance of space, and without conscious intention on the part of the transferrer. To account for some of the evidence published in the last few years it seems to be necessary either to assume that there is a kind of reservoir of thought which may be tapped anywhere by the mind in certain abnormal states; or to accept the simpler but, to many people, less credible hypothesis of communication from the spirits of the dead. Thus, for example, such close similarities of topic and phrase have been found in writings produced by different automatists at the same time in different parts of the world as would seem to preclude the explanation of chance coincidence; and it is at any rate plausible, though perhaps not necessary, to maintain that some mind somewhere, conscious or subconscious, has been deliberately distributing these cognate phrases to the various writers. Even so, however, this mind might be the subconscious mind of one of the automatists. The alternative hypothesis would be that it is, what it purports to be, the mind of a person now deceased. It seems difficult to say which view ought to be provisionally accepted. Those to whom survival after death seems incredible will accept the former; those to whom it seems probable or certain may accept the latter. But this subjective credibility or incredibility is matter not of science, but of bias. We are, in fact, brought up against a fundamental difficulty which arises whenever facts of a new and startling order are brought to our attention—What may be reasonably held to be possible? For our judgment on that point will determine our choice among alternative hypotheses. Sir Oliver Lodge himself has decided, on the evidence before us, that the working hypothesis to be accepted is that of communications from the minds of persons deceased. "I am of those", he writes, "who, though they would like to see stronger and more continued proofs, are of opinion that a good case has been made out, and that as the best working hypothesis at the present time it is legitimate to grant that lucid moments of intercourse with deceased persons may in the best cases supervene." Others—Mr. Podmore, for example—are more sceptical. And, in fact, the material before us, interesting and important as it is, is very difficult to handle with security and without bias. The important thing is that the material is there, and is constantly accumulating. And the more good minds can be brought to bear both upon its collection and its interpretation the quicker we shall advance in a subject beset with great difficulties, but offering also great rewards.

THE HIGHLANDS OF ALBANIA.

"High Albania." By M. E. Durham. London: Arnold.
1909. 14s. net.

THIS is not only a most interesting book of travel, but a book which everyone should read who cares to understand the problem of the Near East, for Miss Durham is one of the few travellers in those regions who approach her subject without parti pris. The pro-Bulgar, pro-Turk or pro-Greek volumes relating to the Balkan Peninsula which have poured forth recently from the English and French press have almost completely ignored the section of the population on whom in the end the whole matter will principally depend, the Albanians. This may be in some measure due to the dangers and difficulties of travel in Albania, which

makes Miss Durham's feat both more useful and more remarkable.

Apparently there was hardly actual danger to life incurred in her travels, except from the usual accidents of the road. Here no doubt she was helped by being a woman, going where a man might have found passage impossible or perilous; but her way was undoubtedly smoothed by the advent of the "Konstitutzioon". On the views of Albania as to this incomprehensible innovation some curious and valuable observations are made by Miss Durham. One thing is clear—the clans of the Albanian Highlands will have no truck with the theory that under the new dispensation all subjects of the Sultan are to be equal, or that all nationalities are to be merged in one, and are henceforth to be "Ottomans", and nothing else. This would mean a reconquest of the whole of Albania by the Turks. Tribal independence has been the most cherished privilege of the Albanians from the beginning, and neither Moslem nor Christian will surrender it without a fight. Such a war against such a foe would probably mean the destruction of the new system at Constantinople, and lead to intervention from without.

In fact the Turk is detested in Albania even by the Mohammedans, who mostly "verted" merely to retain their belongings. Under the late Sultan the Albanians possessed, we cannot say "enjoyed", practical independence. Abdul Hamid's Prætorian Guard were recruited from Albania, consequently their friends and relatives at home had almost complete immunity from the attentions of the Central Government, and any serious interference now would mean armed resistance. At first the general idea of the Albanian population of the new régime was that under it the Christians and Mohammedans were to be allowed a free hand to massacre one another. When each party found it had been misled, it sullenly dropped the ill-founded enthusiasm with which the mysterious boon had been welcomed. "It was not", says Miss Durham, "until I came to London in December 1908 that I met people who really believed in 'Konstitutzioon'." There have been a few people in London all along who never shared that belief, as the SATURDAY REVIEW can testify. If any still do, let them read Miss Durham's book.

One thing is clear—the Power which controls Albania will in the end control the line to Salonika and obtain possession of that desirable port; or we may put it better, that no Power can securely hold Salonika which does not control Albania. This is quite clear to Austria, Italy and Servia, and all three have taken precautions, but the efforts of Servia are negligible. Miss Durham completely exposes both the futility of the Servian propaganda and the emptiness of Servian pretensions. She seems, however, to regret that Bosnia and Herzegovina were not made Servian instead of Austrian. We cannot see how those provinces would have been bettered in condition by annexation to a semi-barbarous principality; neither could Austria allow it. Hitherto the only attempt made by the Powers to deal with Albanian territory has been disastrous. By the Berlin Treaty, territory purely Albanian was handed over to Montenegro. The Albanians saved two towns by force of arms, but had to surrender Dulcigno. The result is well described by Miss Durham: "The large maritime population left it and has never been replaced, trade has decreased, and Dulcigno remains a monument of diplomatic blunder". The result is deadly hatred of the Slav throughout the country. This will only make the Austrian task the easier when the time comes.

Apart altogether from politics, this book is of great interest. Miss Durham always wherever she went did her best to collect information regarding the sociology and traditions of this strange race, and has compiled a quantity of most curious folklore. Many of the customs still practised are obviously pagan in their origin. The Albanians are in fact in many, or most, respects a primitive race. The efforts of the Roman Catholic priests to put an end to the tribal and family blood feuds are heroic, but in most cases of small avail. "Honour" stands in the way, and immemorial traditions having more than the force of law. The practice of the vendetta and of hospitality are

still the first obligations of an Albanian gentleman, and he discharges both with equal fidelity. The book in fact reeks of blood from start to finish. This is not the fault of the writer, who has only told the truth.

MORE SOUTH AFRICA.

"South African Memories: Social, Warlike, and Sporting." From Diaries written at the time. By Lady Sarah Wilson. London: Arnold. 1909. 15s. net.

"The Northward Trek." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. London: Melrose. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

"South Africa, from the Great Trek to the Union." By Frank R. Cana, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman and Hall. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

"Southern Rhodesia." By Percy F. Hone. London: Bell. 1909. 15s.

THERE should be a close time for books about South Africa: who reads or buys these ample libraries?

Not that readers are likely to fail Lady Sarah Wilson, nor ought to be wanting to Mr. Cana, whose bird's-eye view of South African history from 1835 to the Union is an achievement in fairness and compression students can hardly do without. Lady Sarah Wilson has, as she might say, the "pull", belonging to a family which has its hoardings ready made and commonly knows how to bill them. We all remember her adventures as one of the besieged in Mafeking and as a prisoner with the Boers; and before the war and since Lady Sarah has kept well in the South African foreground. We have now her Odyssey in her own writing, which is cheerful and fluent. Much of her material, collected since 1895, is very small beer, but perhaps Lady Sarah's readers like it. To herself, she tells us, "these recollections of days in South Africa in which shade and sunshine have been strangely mingled . . . have never been dull". All tastes may approve Lady Sarah's account of adventures which began first on Sunday, 5 November 1899. It must have been a very uncomfortable time even before our heroine's capture, but what could be done to mitigate her sufferings was done, and "even the burghers of no importance, poorly clad and of starved appearance, who came to the hospital for advice and medicines, all alike made me a rough salutation, evidently the best they were acquainted with". A regrettable exception was a lady doctor, against whom Lady Sarah had felt "irritation on hearing her addressed as doctor", and had told people that this physician "looked singularly out of place", which "may have accounted for her black looks". Restored to Mafeking, Lady Sarah took her share of shot and shell, and had at least one hair-breadth escape.

The heroes of the Northward Trek and the scarcely less heroic struggle to secure the way through Bechuanaland, which made their pioneer work possible, deserved to be commemorated; we hope that time will discover an adequate historian. He is not in the work of Mr. S. P. Hyatt, an historian somewhat pompous and plainly prejudiced, who scarcely persuades us that his knowledge of his subject is considerable. Mr. Hyatt obligingly tells us that he has "good reason to feel sore" against the Chartered Company. His soreness apparently extends to the memory of the founder, against whose imperialism he seems to have assimilated the old, cold, and often exposed charges of the baser sort of Little Englander journalist. On the Bechuanaland question he makes a hero of the Rev. John Mackenzie, and we are glad that Mackenzie's sterling character and services should be praised. But to call Mackenzie the true leader of the Imperialists is to cut capers by a good man's grave, not to enhance his memory. When Sir Hercules Robinson recalled him, Mackenzie's work was done. It was admirable work, but only Rhodes and Rhodes' policy and management could have saved for us the key to the interior. The surrender after Majuba and the policy of Imperial Governments before Mr. Gladstone had taught Rhodes

a lesson which seems lost on his critics. "I know", he had said, so far back as in January 1878, "I know I can get all the unmarked country north of the colony for England. But only by the co-operation of the Cape Dutch. Well, I am perfectly willing to pay the price." Direct imperial control was in general all up in South Africa, and Rhodes knew it. His ideals did not change, nor "the imperialistic side of him develop", as Mr. Hyatt conceives, nor was he, as Mackenzie fancied, "a Briton obsessed with the Afrikander ideal". "Obsessed" he was with eminently British ideals, but also with the absolute necessity of practical methods if these ends were to be achieved. A trivial smatterer in South African history might have recalled the day when Carl Borckenhagen took Rhodes up into a lofty place and showed him a united South Africa of which the virtual dictatorship should be his—at a price. "There is only one small thing", Borckenhagen said; "we must be independent of the rest of the world." "Why", was the answer, "you must take me for a rogue or a fool. I should be a rogue to forfeit my country and traditions, and I should be a fool, because I should be hated by my own country and mistrusted by yours". All of Mr. Hyatt's book that is actually devoted to the pioneers and their trek is interesting enough. It would have been better if the narrator could have come by more (or any) fresh material.

Mr. Cana is the soberest of historians, nothing extenuating and omitting naught essential. There are two main threads—the native question and union, threads intertwined. These following, with Mr. Cana's help we retrace the legend of the Sibylline books. There need never have been disunion in South Africa, nor separate governments for a country and people, in Lord Milner's words, socially, economically and ethnologically one. It is not true that we began badly, with a population naturally and bitterly antagonistic to our rule. That was an after-thought, produced when the influence of the Rev. John Philip and the intervention of the British Government in the native question had divided the two white races. The burghers probably disliked the authority of Holland—"in all things political", as one of their own writers has called it, "despotic, in all things commercial monopolist"—a shade more heartily than they did ours. The facts of the Slagter's Nek incident, that edifying myth, bear none of the interpretation put on them. The abolition of slavery, and its concomitant tactlessness and injustice, might have been got over. "The beginning of the undoing in South Africa" was Glenelg's command to D'Urban to abandon the lands which, to the great restoration of confidence in burgher bosoms, he had annexed upon the Kei River. The result of that policy was the Great Trek. Twelve years later at the cost of Boomplaatz we had another chance, thanks to Sir Harry Smith; the authority of the Queen was established to the Vaal River. But January 1852 saw the Sand River Convention and the birth of the Orange Free State—independence forced on an unwilling people. Sir George Grey, with his "union or alliance" policy, offered us, against all hope, another trump card. Lord Carnarvon with the best intentions and worst methods was to struggle, and Sir Bartle Frere was to break that great heart of his seeking to repair the irreparable. Majuba, and what followed, was to sicken Englishmen in South Africa with the name and policy of Downing Street, and—almost with the name of England. Then came out of Oxford the burly, blue-eyed dreamer who, when the lights were all out and despair reigned in every loyal South African heart, was to begin the game again for us "another way". Lord Milner and the surgical operation which followed that wise physician's infinitely careful preliminary treatment of the patient, his infinite struggle to do without the knife, were the inevitable and necessary stroke to save life. It is a pity the surgeon's instruments were not more cunning and scientific: the prescription was the only one available; once publicly, often privately, General Botha has admitted how needful was the war. We have got part of the Sibylline books and have paid a pretty penny therefor. There is "British dominion", in Mr. Reitz's words, "from Table Bay to the Zambesi".

We trust it may be "British"; at present it looks much like being Dutch.

Southern Rhodesia means more to Englishmen since unification with all its risks. The youngest colony stands outside, is British, and seeks to consolidate its numbers and position ere South Africa the Dominion touches Zambesi. In Rhodesia, if anywhere, may the balance be restored; and Mr. Hone's case is good for helping Rhodesians in every way with British blood, and (cannily) with British money. Investors and settlers are all directly concerned with a future which politically may mean much to the Empire. There is a new day in Southern Rhodesia; a new and modest but very real development replaces the original attempt to "get there" by land-grants to financial houses. The true dimensions of Rhodesian gold-mining are understood, and "small" miners with small capital and outfit, working here to-day and there to-morrow in a land of scattered riches, have raised Rhodesia to one of the first of gold-producing countries. The revised mining ordinance which made the small man possible speaks volumes for the progressive element on the Chartered Company's Board. With gold-production has come land settlement under Mr. Wise's admirable direction, and mixed farming—mealies, citrous fruit, stock-breeding—which the conquest of murrain should bring to great heights. Nor do the small miners frustrate larger mining operations where these are auspicious. The Buck's Reef was a case in point, the small miners finding the "proposition" beyond their scope; and the Consolidated Goldfields' researches in the Abercorn district are another. Only, let investors discriminate and take warning by Mr. Hone's exposure of Mr. Blank's "splendid" and too successful "scheme for catching them [the British public] asleep" over the Eldorado mine and the significance of Banket. Pages 274-277 should be reprinted by the high-class gold-mining corporations as a pamphlet. Rhodesia too has all to lose by another "boom". Development lies along present lines, with the cultivation of cotton, coffee, and the other latent assets. To that end the Chartered Board should not relax their attempts to get the Imperial Government's guarantee. Any means which curtails the process of development is to be devoutly "engineered". Already General Botha's hot breath may be felt on the neck of the Rhodesian patriot.

SCOTTISH SALMON WATERS.

"The Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland." By W. L. Calderwood. Illustrated. London: Arnold. 1909. 21s. net.

SO many things are going to destruction in these days that one should be careful in suggesting that the optimist need not be faint at heart. Even in the matter of field sports you meet men who solemnly assure you that hunting is ruined, shooting not worth the cost of a gun licence, yachting a lost art, fishing dead as a door-nail. After reading Mr. Calderwood's volume of four hundred and sixty pages, and taking into account the mistakes, follies and other adverse circumstances that make up a tolerably serious case against mismanagement, we venture to console ourselves with the reflection that, on the whole, the salmon-fishing of bonnie Scotland stands pretty much where it did. Taking one year with another, Scotland comes before either Norway or Canada as the most pleasant and most sporting resort of the salmon angler, though the halcyon days be gone, probably never to return. In one year the Tweed yielded to the Berwick Company's nets fifty-four thousand and forty-one salmon and one hundred and twenty thousand five hundred and ninety-six grilse. That, to be sure, was in 1816; about ten years later there was an enormous and almost sudden drop, but the salmon returns have been tolerably even during the last half-century. In rod-fishing also the glory has largely departed, and we no longer expect an angler to kill his one hundred and forty-six salmon in five days, as Lord Lovat did on the Beaulieu so recently as 1864. The big modern bag that is so often quoted is fifty-four fish in one day

on the Grimersta in Lewis; and the full story, as told in the chapter devoted to the Western Isles, shows that the achievement was due to the remarkable accumulation of fish at the mouth of the short river waiting week by week for water, and the ingenious construction of a dam which created an artificial spate from the lochs above. Mr. Calderwood is inclined to think that the most notable feat of recent years was the landing, on the Helmsdale in 1896, of twenty-two salmon, the fish averaging ten pounds and taken single-handed on trout tackle. The last season in Great Britain at large has been below an average for the angler's sport, but the returns of the netmen in Scotland and of the back-end rod-fishings, as a whole, are an assurance that the game is anything but played out. We have to take the thin years with the others, and it has often happened that a series of lean years induces despair, and then a season comes when the salmon, which we have bewailed as deserting us for ever, appear again without apparent rhyme or reason.

The literature of angling is a remarkable tribute to the love of the sport and its hundred and one delights. Scotland is peculiarly rich in the quality and quantity of its angling books. The books of Thornton, Christopher North, Colquhoun, St. John, Russel, and Stoddart are keenly read even in these hustling days, and amongst the angling worthies north of the Tweed we may include Walter Scott himself. It is true that the unfortunate inclusion by Darsie Latimer of a plummet as an essential item of a trout-fisher's gear warrants a suspicion that the great man was not an expert in the art of angling; yet we may not forget that it was while rummaging a drawer for some artificial flies that he rescued the half-written and wholly forgotten manuscript of "Waverley", and that many of his novels enshrine sympathetic allusions to, and charming descriptions of, the pursuits of all manner of fishermen. Some of the works to which we refer are angling adventures pure and simple and some picturesque descriptions of mountain and valley. The bulk of them, however, is concerned with the commercial side of fishing, the intricacies of the law, the evils of over-netting and pollution. The natural history of the salmonidæ, about which we have much to learn yet, is discussed more or less in them all; and to these works must be added a long array that are confined to a single river, loch or district. How many of us can still recall the delight with which, when the world was young with us, we devoured "Autumns on the Spey" and "Lone Glens of Scotland". Mr. Calderwood covers the whole ground adroitly, taking in every branch of this great subject. As becomes the author of an important treatise on the "Life History of the Salmon" and an official connected with the Fishery Board of Scotland, he must stick to his text—the conservation or improvement of the salmon fisheries. All the same, it would have been a dull book if he had not permitted himself, once in a while, to turn attention to other matters, and, happily, he has an eye for the beautiful, a sympathy with the angler's enthusiasm and objects, a knowledge of things which interest the antiquary, the naturalist, the historian and the tourist; the book is so pleasant to read as well as profitable.

The man of moderate means who loves to spend his holidays with the rod will thank the author for showing him waters not yet owned by millionaires or syndicates, and he will probably be surprised at the number of hotel waters at his choice. They are not, of course, of the highest class, will disappoint him if the rivers run low, and being, as may be supposed, well fished, are often far from excellent even when in condition. But when, as we read in the chapter on the Lyon, an angler upon such an open water killed seven clean fish in one day in the spring of last year, there is hope for those who take their courage in their hands. The work of inspection and description of the Scotch rivers and lochs is done here with praiseworthy thoroughness. We begin with the noble Tweed, and take the riversheds in succession up the east coast, round the north with rivers that are open to the fisherman in January, up the western lochs and amongst the islands, and so past the Mull of Galloway eastwards to Nith and Annan in the lands of Burns and Carlyle.

NOVELS.

"Some Everyday Folk and Dawn." By Miles Franklin. London: Blackwood. 1910. 6s.

This is a book with a purpose, and deals with the question of female suffrage. An invalid lady, with a heart complaint, buries herself in an up-country village in Australia and, having nothing better to do, amuses herself with match-making. The fruit of her labours is the marriage of her hostess' daughter Dawn to Ernest Brestaw, a young Hercules, of independent means, who devotes his time to athleticism and "pot-hunting". This is the plot, and the setting is out of all proportion to it. Wearisome accounts of a parliamentary election in which women are privileged to vote occupy more than half the book and are barely relevant to the story; whilst there is even less excuse for the writer's overdrawn pen-pictures of the oppression of an unenfranchised sex. Men have much to answer for in their treatment of women, but Miles Franklin will not bring them to their senses by indulging in hysterical periods; and if women cannot make better use of their votes than their advocate suggests, there is little to recommend to English philanthropists such an extension of the franchise as Australia inaugurated in 1902. It is hard to wax enthusiastic over such ill-digested matter, but local colour is skilfully introduced and succeeds to some extent in redeeming what must otherwise be pronounced dull and unconvincing fiction.

"The Oath of Allegiance, and other Stories." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. London: Constable. 1909. 6s.

The eleven short stories collected in this volume show an aspect of the United States which is by no means familiar. In one of them there is a glimpse of the murky politics of Washington, but for the most part Miss Phelps treats of quiet lives and escapes any trace of provincialism. Something of the charm of Miss Wilkins' best work there is in her story of the rugged New England couple who quarrelled until each imagined a divorce desirable, yet in the end could not break the link of common memories and old affection. "The Oath of Allegiance" is concerned with a trite subject, young lovers parted before all was made clear, the boy killed, the girl bravely faithful to an unfulfilled troth. Yet the simple story is told with such delicate insight that the theme almost seems new. Whether she shows us the devotion of a street-boy for a dog, or the threatened wreck of married lives averted by a flash of loving insight, Miss Phelps never sinks into sentimentality, and therefore continually achieves a sure effect.

"Garryowen: the Romance of a Racehorse." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. London: Unwin. 1909. 6s.

There is, we believe, a special section of the novel public with a taste for stories of horse-racing, and Mr. Stacpoole, in his new story, has made a bid for the suffrages of those readers, while not forgetting the taste for sentiment and romance of the "ordinary" novel-reader. We like the author less weaving a tale around a racing-stable than exploiting the romance of the southern seas; but we can believe there are many readers with no taste for such work as "The Blue Lagoon" who will enjoy following the fortunes of Garryowen. The horse belongs to a lively, irresponsible Irishman, whose affairs are in such a state that it is only by winning a big race with an "outsider" that he can hope to get straight. It is with the fortunes of Mr. French and his horse that the story is mainly concerned, the feminine interest being imported in the form of an engaging young woman from America who becomes governess to the widower's only child for the fun of the thing and that she may see something of Ireland. A young man comes on the scene to provide the proper love complication. The story is told in a fresh and lively fashion, with evident knowledge.

"A Sense of Scarlet, and other Stories." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. London: Heinemann. 1909. 3s. net.

If only the author's manner were not so desperately literary, the effect of these twenty stories would be far more pleasant. Mrs. Dudeney twists adjectives and flings them at us, tortures a mood and demands that we should peer into its intricacies, will not let a story tell itself. The best of these tales are clever, very clever, and no doubt they suffer from the proximity given them in this little volume. One every six months would stir the appetite, but to be given twenty together suggests that horrible American drink in which a series of liqueurs—all of sound flavour—are poured into a tumbler, each making a luridly coloured ring, and shouting against its neighbour as it meets the enterprising palate. Two stories here, each treating of elderly lovers who have married awry and cannot forget, stand out in relief against the peasants in some of the other tales whose emotions are wrung out through the press of carefully elaborated words which would have frightened the characters and which bewilder the reader.

"The Column of Dust." By Evelyn Underhill. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

A queer medley of occultism, mysticism, and shrewd observance of feminine follies. The doctrine—so fashionable in novels of a certain type—that there is something peculiarly ennobling to the female character in bearing an illegitimate child, reappears in the course of the book. The heroine, an assistant in a London bookshop, manages to become possessed by a sort of familiar spirit, to meet a man who had found the Holy Grail, and to consort with ordinary people whose foibles are cleverly described. Miss Underhill writes well, but her matter is not attractive.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Logs of the Conquest of Canada." Edited by Lieut.-Colonel William Wood. Toronto: The Champlain Society. 1909.

The publications of the Champlain Society are placing students of all that affects the history of Canada down to the Conquest under a debt of gratitude. Documents that cannot otherwise be read without much trouble and research are being placed at easy command in volumes which should find a place in every historical reference library. Here, for instance, we have the logs of the ships at Louisbourg and in the St. Lawrence reproduced from the archives. Much in them may be of little value, but no one who would understand the situation in which Amherst, Wolfe and Boscawen or Saunders and Wolfe found themselves can afford to ignore them. Some casual phrase in a log entry may throw a flood of light on events. It is worth while wading through pages of records of winds and signals and everyday doings on board ship to come upon the entry in the "Lowestoff" log under date Thursday, 13 September 1759: "At 10 a.m. troops began a general action with the French; $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 was brought on board General Moncton, wounded, and several officers. At 11 was brought on board y^e Corps of General Wolff; d^e, all the boats employed bringing off y^e wounded men and French prisoners". Such a reference seems to put one into direct touch with the momentous event then taking place on the Plains of Abraham. Colonel Wood writes an admirable though not perhaps an altogether unchallengeable introduction covering the Maritime War and the condition of the Navy at the time. As a soldier, apparently he thought it his duty to make a point of the precise functions discharged by Wolfe's army and Saunders' fleet, and commits himself to the statement that Saunders "was supported by Wolfe, whose small army was used as a local landing party at Quebec". Even the conditions of "a world-wide amphibious war" do not justify such a contention. Wolfe was in command, Saunders worked up his ideas, and Saunders could no more have taken Quebec with his fleet than Wolfe could have gone to Quebec without it. They supported each other, and any suggestion that the one or the other was a mere assistant is merely absurd. But why argue the matter at all? It serves no purpose and introduces contention where there should be only admiration.

"Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century." Translated by M. Edwardes. Introduction by Grace Rhys. London: Dent. 3 vols. 21s. net.

There must have been an accidental omission of the names of the authors whose work Miss Marian Edwardes has trans-

lated, as we do not see them mentioned either by the translator or Miss Rhys, who writes the Introduction. It is not even stated in what language the book was written; but we may suppose it was in German, as the writers are Dr. Oscar Fischel and Max von Boehm. What strikes us as equally curious is that the text of the book has so little relation to the pictures. These are very numerous and very beautiful reproductions, in colour for the most part, of the old fashion magazines and plates, German, French, and English, from 1790 to about the sixties. One might suppose from them that the book was intended to be a history of fashions in dress principally, if not almost entirely; though this is by no means the case. They would have served admirably such a purpose, and many readers will regret that these fine illustrations should not have been used for a work of that kind instead of being bound up with a text which, however interesting, is mostly irrelevant to them. As to the manners of the period, the book appears to be a well-written survey, with a sufficiently serious aim, of its political and social conditions; not too serious, but not making any special point of describing the fashions and costumes. The chapter on ladies' costumes during the reign of the Empress Eugénie is an exception to the general rule. Miss Grace Rhys' introduction is the sort of disquisition on dress and vanities for which the coloured plates reproduced here so lavishly would have done very well if, instead of being only a short introduction, it had been the whole work. There is much interest and amusement, and we dare say for some people instruction and useful information, to be got from turning over these finely coloured fashion plates with their antiquated monstrosities of dress and coiffure. A capital book for ladies, milliners, and men cynics might have been made of them; each plate having its descriptive letterpress.

"Memorials of His Time." By Henry Cockburn. Edinburgh: Foulis. 1909. 6s.

This is a beautiful new edition of a book which is a household word in Scotland, and ought to be as well known in England. No English reader, we believe, could begin it without seeing at once how delightful it is and finishing it. Mr. Foulis has made it worthy of its reputation. Most notable are the fine reproductions in colour of the pictures painted by Raeburn of the notabilities, men and women, who live in Cockburn's descriptions. Very rarely, indeed, is a book produced so beautifully; but one small mistake of "contrast" for "contract" in the Introduction has a ludicrous effect. This Introduction, by Lord Cockburn's grandson, Mr. Harry A. Cockburn, adds several interesting bits of information about the "Laird o' Cockpen" as Cockburn actually was, though he was not himself that famous hero of one of the finest of Scotland's many fine songs. The account by Cockburn of the founding of the "Edinburgh Review" in his "Life of Jeffrey", originally written for the first edition but not included in it, and several additional sketches, are reprinted in this.

"Memories of Sir Walter Scott." By James Skene. Edited by Basil Thompson. London: Murray. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

"Sir Walter Scott's Friends." By Florence MacCunn. London: Blackwood. 1909. 10s. net.

The Skene Papers are amongst the original sources from which Lockhart drew for his Life of Sir Walter. Miss MacCunn's book has not the peculiar interest which belongs to a contemporary account like Skene's, but it also draws on many unpublished letters and documents which add to our information concerning the circle of Scott's friends. Both these volumes are therefore valuable additions to the knowledge, which is never complete and never superfluous, of Scott's personality and his intimate or more general relations with the men and women and events of his time. Thus we doubt whether we should learn elsewhere than in these Memories by Skene that Sir Walter had pored over the accounts of the Burke and Hare murders until he was nearly blind; that there was nothing in which he took more interest than the details of criminal trials; that he thought in writing romance there was no source whence so much could be derived as from the journals of a criminal court. Does not this show us the workshop of the genius which produced "The Heart of Midlothian" at closer quarters than many pages of literary criticism? Skene was a lifelong friend of Scott, and his journal is an account of his association with Scott from the days when he was unknown and through all the glory and calamity of his life until his death. Miss MacCunn includes a sketch of him in her biographies, but we must go to the journal to learn how important a friend Skene was to Scott. The MS. of the journal was used by Mr. David Douglas in his edition of Scott's Journal and Letters, but has not until now been published. Perhaps it ought to be mentioned that Miss MacCunn's book has had the benefit of material supplied by Mr. Douglas. Miss MacCunn has had to write of many great names familiar in

biography, but there is nothing of triteness or the compiler in her sketches. They are fresh, vivid, and vigorous, and as literary in form as they are learned in all that relates to Scott and his friends and their contemporary society.

"*Shakespeare's Plutarch.*" Edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke. London: Chatto and Windus. 1909. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each.

Dr. Brooke has edited these two volumes of "The Shakespeare Library", whose general editor is Dr. Gollancz. They contain the Lives from North's translation of Plutarch from which Shakespeare derived the material for his Roman plays. In the first volume are the "Life of Julius Caesar" and the "Life of Marcus Brutus", which were the main sources of "Julius Caesar". In the second are the Lives of "Marcus Antonius" and "Caius Martius Coriolanus", used by Shakespeare for "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Coriolanus". The idea of the books is fruitful of interest as well for the reader of the Lives as of the Plays. The introduction and notes and the references from passages of Plutarch to passages of Shakespeare provide just such information as the reader who is not an expert in either Shakespearean or Plutarchian lore lacks for thorough intelligence both of the biographer and the dramatist.

"*Literary Bypaths and Vagaries.*" By Thomas Newbigging. London: Elliot Stock. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

The title suggests others—Random Gleanings—Stray Verses—Trifles in Prose—Studies by the Wayside—we know the sort of thing so well. When we come upon such a volume we open it hopefully. But it is rarely that one fulfils the airy promise of the title-page. The man of real taste so seldom has any time to give us the jottings from his notebook; and the jottings we do usually get are the quite unnecessary entries upon the tablets of some scribbler who covers blank paper with blunder thoughts. In fact the wanderer in literary bypaths who insists upon inviting us to go with him may not have the foggiest notion what a sketch-map of the main roads would look like. We don't want to say anything unkind about Mr. Newbigging, so we will say nothing.

"*Social England in the Fifteenth Century.*" London: Routledge. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Thanks to the "Paston Letters" the fifteenth century leaves a vivid enough impression on those who have read English history in contemporary sources. But the ground is none too well covered in the text-books; and this little book is very welcome as giving us a comprehensive view of the general social and economic conditions which resulted from the constitutional breakdown described by Bishop Stubbs, and from the economic crises described by Professor Ashley. Stubbs has summed up the whole century in a phrase to the effect that constitutional development had out-run administrative control. Sir John Fortescue had in his own day seen in this "lack of governance" the root of all the evil. Certain it was that society from top to bottom was breaking up and forming anew. In commerce cloth took the place of wool; in agriculture pasture took the place of arable; in public life the great houses prepared their own downfall by private war; in society all was litigation and violence. There was all through the country a great movement, and the men who figured in it were small men. No century could be more fascinating to an historian bent upon a study of tendency clear of the disturbing forces of personality. Mr. Abram has covered this century in his little thesis in a most admirable way. His knowledge is extensive. His authorities are well selected, and consistently acknowledged. The book is certainly worth the modest room it occupies upon the shelf.

"*Matilda Countess of Tuscany.*" By Mrs. Mary Huddy. London: Long. 1910. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Huddy's book has one advantage. She writes of a woman who was one of the most interesting figures in history, and most typical of the Middle Ages at their best. Moreover, the Countess of Tuscany was brought into close contact and friendship with some of the greatest figures in that struggle of Empire and Papacy which only ended with the disruption of both. At Canossa she stood between the Emperor and the Pope. The most famous of Cluny's Abbots was her friend. The fiercest of mediæval knights, Godfrey of Lorraine, had been the husband of her mother. Robert Guiscard was her brother in arms. Such were some of the figures, and the stage was a big one. Mrs. Huddy had here a splendid opportunity, but her book is poor history, and very poor romance. The style is that generally described in the blessed phrase of a tired reviewer as "picturesque." A writer who sets out to write of the Middle Ages and of a great mediæval personage should have realised something of the spirit and motives that moved the people of those days. Mrs. Huddy does not seem to have realised that the Middle Ages had their own psychology, their own way of thinking and feeling. We should learn

of all that Matilda did if we read this book. Of that we have not a doubt. But it is quite clear from the chapter on Canossa alone that we should get no nearer to Matilda for our pains, or get any further away from the nineteenth century than we were at the beginning. Yet this is a second edition.

"*Peter Vischer et la Sculpture Franconienne.*" By Louis Réau. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1909.

Art is indeed cosmopolitan when a French critic takes upon himself to discuss with intimate appreciation the great Franconian school of sculpture which flourished during the Renaissance with Nuremberg and Würzburg as its centres. Outside their own country these German contemporaries of Ghiberti and Donatello are comparatively little known, and, indeed, few examples of their work are to be seen in foreign museums; but South Kensington is exceptionally rich in this respect. By detaching sculpture from its servitude to architecture these German craftsmen, Veit Stoss, Adam Krafft, and Peter Vischer, raised the art to an independent position. Sculpture in wood, stone, and bronze ceased to be merely a decorative adjunct to the outer walls, and came to play its own part in the interiors of churches. Unlike their Italian contemporaries, these artists derived little from classical influences, and the nude is almost unknown in their work. If Donatello led to Michelangelo, Adam Krafft is the forerunner of Albert Dürer.

"*Anna van Schurman, Artist, Scholar, Saint.*" By Una Birch. London: Longmans. 1909. 6s. 6d. net.

For all the lengthy bibliography which accompanies Miss Una Birch's accomplished appreciation, time has dealt unkindly with the name of her heroine. She enjoyed such an European reputation that it was once said of her during her life that "to go to the Low Countries without seeing Anna van Schurman would be like going to Paris without seeing the King". In the brilliant period that succeeded the Dutch War of Independence, among the distinguished men of art and letters who crowded the University towns of Holland, this remarkable woman was eminent alike in literature and politics. Famous as an artist, and the friend of Miereveld and Honthorst, the "Star of Utrecht" was equally renowned as an Orientalist and advocate of Women's Rights. Indeed, she was almost too versatile, devoting herself to art until the age of twenty-eight, to learning for the next twenty years, and during the remainder of her long life, when she became intimately associated with Jean de Labadie and his new sect, to religion and mysticism.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

Both the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" seem vaguely to fear that representative institutions in Great Britain are on trial: the "Edinburgh" because of "the specious gloss of democratic phraseology" with which the peers have managed to present their case to the nation; the "Quarterly" because the party system has become sacred in the eyes of politicians who do not recognise that the people are growing heartily sick of it. What really disturbs the "Edinburgh" is that the Lords should have dared give the nation an opportunity of expressing its view on Tariff Reform. The writer is hardly less muddle-headed in regard to his Free Trade ideas than he is when he says "The rejection of the Budget is intended to secure the double object of getting rid of a Conservative Ministry and of the Free Trade system on which for so many years the commercial and financial system of the country has been based". To tax imports in order "to make people richer, to transfer taxation to the foreigner, to abolish unemployment, is sheer folly, and free traders ask for some reasons founded on the experience of ourselves and other nations". Evidently the "Edinburgh" has kept both eyes and ears shut during the past month or two and is living in a little Whig world all its own. "This is no Home Rule election", it says, and with all its doubts as to the action of the House of Lords it clearly relies on the House of Lords still to stand between Great Britain and Irish Nationalism. The "Quarterly" does not like Tariff Reform, but it has no illusions on the constitutional question, and it sets forth certain objects of Unionist policy in precise and vigorous terms. These objects are to repel the impending attack on the Union, to preserve the existence of the House of Lords as an effective Second Chamber, to withstand a policy of socialism and to expel from office, or at worst to deprive of power, a Government which excites universal distrust. Differences between Tariff Reformers and Free Traders are as nothing in the view of the "Quarterly" compared with the necessity of rescuing the country from the perils to which it is exposed by the weakness of Mr. Asquith and the violence of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill.

"What the Poor Want" is discussed by Mr. Stephen Reynolds in the "Quarterly". His conclusion is that the "ideal" to aim at is not to raise the poor out of their station, but to give them justice in that station and the chance of "bettering themselves" whenever they can do so by their own efforts. One thing that the poor want just now, one thing that will certainly make Mr. Reynolds' ideal easier of realisation, is greater opportunity of employment. The "Edinburgh" makes a survey of our industrial system, but beyond stating the problem with excellent clearness, we do not see that the article helps much. Incidentally, of course, we are told that the idea that more employment is needed is an old fallacy "still industriously propagated by the Tariff Reformers", though it is "now well-nigh exploded among people with no political ends to serve". More employment is, of course, the one thing essential; the people who would work but cannot get work are beginning to understand that while work is slack here, in Germany and America there is abundance, and the "well-nigh exploded fallacy" is consequently not that of the Tariff Reformer but of the Free Trader. "It is possible", says the reviewer, "that before long general recognition may be accorded to the great lesson of history that no nation in the world has ever yet deteriorated from hard work, while many have deteriorated from luxury and ease". Precisely, and the more that "great lesson" is realised, the more surely doomed is the fiscal system which allows the foreigner to do so much of the hard work that might be done at home. The remedy for unemployment, according to Mrs. Crawford in the "Dublin Review", is to be found largely, if not wholly, through the medium of labour exchanges. How any labour exchange is to provide work which does not exist she does not say. "Through the labour exchange it would at least be possible to ascertain if work was available and if it had been refused." To that extent the labour exchange may serve an enlightening purpose. Until the demand for labour approximates more closely to the supply, all talk about industrial reconstruction is pious aspiration and unpractical.

The historical and literary articles are always an excellent feature of the quarterlies. In a way, an article on "Byron

(Continued on page 148.)

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and Buonaparte" in the "Quarterly" links up another by Sir Charles Dilke in the same pages, "Before and After the Descent from Elba"—mainly a defence of Lord William Bentinck—and one on Pitt and the Triple Alliance in the "Edinburgh". The new matter in these articles shows how much may depend on the accessibility of documents, and will strengthen the plea of the "Quarterly" in an article on "The National Archives" for placing under a responsible custodian all the outstanding official papers which fall within the purview of the Public Record Office Act. "The Tyranny of the Nile" in the "Edinburgh" is a fine account of the dependence of Egypt on its river. "The Nile is Egypt's sole architect. It was the Nile unassisted which laid deep and dark the foundation of the old Egyptian civilisation", and its full significance is not always grasped by the traveller, who is content to note the obvious facts of Egyptian geography. Only one who sympathises with and fully comprehends the dependence of Egypt on the river's bounty can realise what "a good Nile" means and for thousands of years has meant to Egypt. Sir H. H. Johnston only makes incidental reference to Egypt in his "Quarterly" article on the rise of the native—a very able study of a many-sided problem from the treatment of the negro by the white man to the victory of the Japanese over the Russians in Manchuria. Sir Henry is afraid there is something in the complaint that we do not show the same tolerance towards native students which they get in Germany, France, and America. "Unfortunately, one of the few public men who had taken this matter to heart, and had sought to give social help and countenance to the Indian student, was himself shot by a crazy Indian." By our education system we have created a middle class in India and elsewhere, and it must, says Sir H. Johnston, be our business to meet this middle class half-way. An admirable summary of the history of Switzerland by Mr. W. S. Lilly in the "Quarterly" lends fresh point to more than one page of an article on the Referendum in the "Edinburgh". Lorenzo de' Medici, Molière, and Edgar Allan Poe are the subjects of lengthy "appreciations" in the "Edinburgh"; George Meredith and Jacopone da Todi, the poet of "The Stabat Mater," are dealt with in the "Quarterly", and Mrs. Meynell writes on Tennyson, the most English of modern poets, in the "Dublin Review".

The first number of the "Law Quarterly" for 1910 shows that the quantity of legal material for historical and literary treatment does not dwindle, whatever may be the case with the business of the Courts. In addition to the notes, which are always so well done that one need not have the learning of some of the contributors to enjoy them, the reviews also supply a field in which the legal reader may get the soundest information obtainable on legal books. Of the articles to which the attention of the more general reader may be drawn there are "The Evolution of the Private Company", by Mr. Manson; "The Co-operative Nature of English Sovereignty", by Mr. W. W. Lucas; and "The Economic and Legal Differentiation of Capital and Income", by Mr. Strahan. All interested in the question of the Leonardo bust will find the evidence collected in a lawyerlike and yet amusing way in the notes.

Our notice of the "Church Quarterly" must be held over till next week.

For this Week's Books see page 150.



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WARING AND GILLOW.

THE Twelfth Annual Meeting of Messrs. Waring & Gillow was held yesterday, Mr. S. J. Waring presiding.

The Chairman said: You will have seen that the results of the year ended January 31, 1909, were less satisfactory than those for any previous year. The initial cause of this falling off was undoubtedly the American financial crisis at the end of 1907. I was in hopes when I addressed you last that we had seen the worst of its effects, and that the conditions of trade instability which it brought in its train would quickly mend. The depression has, however, lasted much longer than could have been expected, and not only have the results on financial enterprise throughout the world been very serious, but also the spending power of the community was diminished, especially in articles of luxury such as the more expensive kinds of furniture. Industrial development in many of our leading trades was for a time more or less paralysed, and there has been a general stagnation caused by want of confidence. We have felt the ill effects severely in our own business, because the kind of enterprise which leads to the placing of big decorating and furnishing contracts was for a long time at a standstill, and the better class of the private furnishing trade was also restricted. The great shipping companies found it necessary to mark time in their programme of building new ocean liners de luxe, until the return of activity and confidence would justify them in resuming a spirited policy. For the same cause, the erection and decoration of hotels, theatres, and other large public buildings was temporarily arrested. We have not been alone in feeling the results of the general financial and industrial influences of 1908, and of other circumstances entirely beyond our control; for you cannot have failed to observe that many chairmen of public companies have told the same tale of reduced business, lower profits, and, in some cases, of heavy losses, during the period under review. In the shipping industry, in particular, the losses were huge, one steamship line, an excellent customer of ours, having suffered to the extent of a loss on balance of £800,000. In the greater number of trading concerns—I think I may say in nearly all—the turnover has been smaller and profits have been reduced, as a consequence of the wave of depression that for the time swept over the trade of the whole world. Dealing with the balance-sheet, he said: We have written off a sum of £24,600 hitherto carried forward for advertising and exhibition expenses, so that this item has also now entirely disappeared from our accounts. We shall, no doubt, still reap some benefit in the future from this expenditure, but we considered it the sounder policy to do away with the item altogether, as also with the amount which stood to the debit of branches development account, namely, £10,652 18s. 2d. A further sum of £54,686 has been similarly dealt with for the purpose of making further provision for doubtful debtors' account. The Board feel confident of your unanimous approval in thus tackling any weak points which had previously appeared in our accounts. On the credit side of the balance-sheet stock-in-trade &c. appear as £449,203, a reduction of £48,600. Sundry debtor balances, after writing off the £54,000 previously referred to, show a sum of £696,553, a reduction of no less than £183,000, and you will observe a separate item for debt subsequently settled by allotment of shares in another company of £270,701. I think I should explain that this represents certain investments made by the company in past years, which have since been transferred to another company. At the last general meeting I explained that amongst our investments were some which arose out of contracts that were paid for partly in cash and partly in shares. As I then told you it is our constant endeavour to realise on this class of investment so as to keep our capital free, but we have come to the conclusion that this business of realisation can be more effectively carried out by an independent company, such as we have found for the purpose, which is a realisation company, to which the investments referred to have been transferred, and all the shares in which are held by us. This company is managed by directors who are devoting themselves to the realisation of these securities. In adopting these measures, I believe, we have made a great step forward to effect the liquidation of certain securities which have hitherto been somewhat in the nature of a lock-up. The last item on the asset side of the balance-sheet, £494,884, representing cash and investments, shows a very considerable reduction, owing to the transfer to the realisation company, which I have just mentioned, and to the sale of certain other investments, which have brought about a very gratifying reduction of advances obtained on these securities, namely, from £331,054, which appeared in the previous year's balance-sheet, to £153,437 as now appearing, being a reduction of the company's indebtedness to the extent of £177,617, which, together with the reduction in sundry debtors' account of £70,515 previously mentioned by me, makes the total substantial diminution in the company's liabilities of almost a quarter of a million sterling as compared with the previous year. I am sure you will agree that these are steps in the right direction. Some of the allied companies in which Waring & Gillow are interested—companies that are doing excellent business and making a great reputation—have wisely conserved their profits for development instead of paying them in dividends, a policy from which we shall derive full benefit in the future. I think our experience affords a clear indication, in spite of a temporary setback, of the stability and strength of our business. The capacity and efficiency of the firm of Waring & Gillow are not surpassed by any other house in the world; and this is evidenced by the many expressions of satisfaction from our customers, both at home and abroad, on the way in which our work is done. We have made further improvements in our internal organisation, simplifying procedure and economising labour, and have considerably reduced working expenses wherever it was possible to do so without detriment to your permanent interests. It is no exaggeration to say that the business, as contained within this building, is without parallel for the variety and comprehensiveness of the forty departments it contains, which are so arranged as to cater for almost every class, and to supply the demand for everything relating to the decorating and furnishing of the home, on lines unsurpassed for refinement, artistic taste, and practical value. I am glad to say that this is gradually impressing itself upon the public in London and throughout Great Britain, and that the general trade, by which I mean the business of furnishing and decorating private houses, is steadily improving. Nor am I aware of any weak point with regard to our showroom efficiency, which cannot fail in course of time to attract a steadily growing support from those who appreciate the advantages offered them with regard to artistic design and sound quality. The firm's reputation for the quality of its work stands as high as ever, and we have business in hand in many foreign countries, in spite of the difficulties imposed by their protective tariffs. In this connection I would draw your attention to the transfer of our Paris Branch to a much superior position in the Champs Elysées, where we have acquired premises of a unique character, and where the expansion of the business can be more effectively dealt with. It is very regrettable that the depression in trade, arising from the crisis I have mentioned, should have coincided with the first years of the expansion identified with these splendid premises, and when we had hardly got settled in our new quarters. It would have been much more satisfactory if the undertaking on which we had embarked could have come from its outset the encouragement of calm conditions and normal prosperity. In that case I think that the results of the year under review would not have failed to realise our hopes. The financial year 1909, now ending, has been to some extent under similar unkindly influences, but the causes mentioned by me have arisen from circumstances which do not in any way affect the intrinsic soundness of our work or the future prospects of the Company. I am glad to say that the general outlook appears to be more favourable, and that the distinct signs that the pendulum has begun to swing in the right direction, and I trust that we shall soon be reaping the results of this change for the better. You are associated with a business which, if merit and capacity count, has a great future. It is not of mushroom growth. Forty years of assiduous labour preceded its development into the present Company, and since then we have paid over one million pounds sterling in dividends. It is still directed by those who have helped to bring it to its present leading position, and who have the keenest interest in maintaining and developing it, and who are prepared to make the greatest personal sacrifice for it. No efforts will be spared on the part of your directors to achieve success, and I believe we may go forward with a confident hope for a prosperous future.—The report was seconded and carried.

ST. IVES CONSOLIDATED.

TRENWITH MINE AND RADIUM DEVELOPMENTS.

TAS Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders of the St. Ives Consolidated Mines, Limited, was held on Wednesday, at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. Horace Barrett.

The Secretary (Mr. F. A. Donne, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: This is the first general meeting of your Company, and in the course of my observations I shall lay before you particulars and facts regarding your property, its prospects, and its value, which I venture to hope you will consider highly interesting, and such as will enable you to leave the meeting with a general feeling of satisfaction. I may remind you that the Company was incorporated in June, 1908—that is, twelve months last June—with a nominal capital of £220,000 divided into 80,000 preference shares and 140,000 ordinary shares. The Company acquired valuable mining properties in Cornwall, amongst others the Giew and Georgia group of mines, the St. Ives Consols proper, the Trenwith Mine, Rosewall Hill, and Ransome United, all in the district of St. Ives. The first matter for the board to conclude was that of the policy to be adopted. It was determined to erect an efficient central power plant so as to ensure the supply of power to any part of the properties controlled by your Company, and this, too, at the lowest possible minimum cost per unit. It was desired to bring our working cost generally to such a point that almost any grade of ore could be mined and milled profitably, and in this connection our engineers regarded the erection of a first-rate central power plant as absolutely essential. We secured as a first step a complete gas producer plant and engines with electrical generators. Erection was made on the western portion of our properties, that the unwatering of the Giew Mines might immediately be taken in hand. Its erection there has simultaneously served, by means of a transmission line, the pumping plant at the Trenwith Mine, about two miles distant, and to which I shall refer presently. So successful has the operation been that the Giew Mine has already been unwatered down to about 260 feet below adit level, the unwatering being effected by means of the Cornish pump which was found intact in the Franks Shaft, and to which our engineer, Mr. Dietzsch, refers in his report. By adopting the course I have mentioned we have obtained the very earliest possible supply of power, and at the lowest possible cost. In the meantime, the larger scheme of equipping the mines with a power station in the centre of all the properties has proceeded. With the two power stations erected on the two groups we have ensured absolute safety, inasmuch as the power will be interchangeable. The second part of the scheme will be the instalment of the most modern and effective appliances for the recovery of the largest possible percentage of minerals contained in the ores mined. In this respect we shall, of course, have enormous advantage over the methods employed by the old workers, who had not the means of availing themselves of the labour-saving and mineral-extracting appliances already tried with excellent results in various mines in Cornwall. The development of the Giew Mine is proceeding very satisfactorily, as also are the other developments. With regard to the St. Ives Consols proper, the work could not be commenced quite so early as we had wished, or we should have deprived the Corporation of St. Ives of part of its water supply. So soon as the Corporation arranged the matter, the supply of their water, we lost not a moment in taking the underground work, as far as we could, in hand. In a short time we opened, secured, and timbered nine shafts, extending some 4,500 feet, and have now the adit practically clear. This will give access to the adjoining Ransome Mine, where, as also in the St. Ives Consols proper, we expect substantial quantities of ore just below the present water level. The next thing to be done here will be the equipment of the shafts with the necessary pumping and hoisting plant, and with this in view orders have been given for the most improved electrical pumping plant capable of draining the mines in the shortest possible time. After having cleared the way for active operations on all parts of the property, which, I may mention, is one of the largest in Cornwall, we can reasonably expect that at an early date important results will be attained. And now I pass to the British Radium Corporation, Limited. I told you in the beginning that part of the property acquired was what is known as the Trenwith Mine. That is, the mine immediately adjoining the St. Ives Consols proper, where we have the pitchblende, and I need hardly remind you that it is from that invaluable ore that uranium oxide and radium are obtained. The St. Ives Consolidated Mines, Limited, is purely a mining company, and your directors, after mature consideration, came to the conclusion that it would be more advantageous that this mine—the Trenwith—should be worked by a subsidiary company. Accordingly, there was incorporated the British Radium Corporation, Limited, with a nominal capital of £40,000, divided into 160,000 shares of 2s. each. Practically the whole of the interest of the British Radium Company is in the hands of your Company, and it is for this reason that I am dealing with the British Radium Corporation, its property, and its future, in the observations I am making to you at this moment. We have already recovered large quantities of very high-grade pitchblende from the rejects of former workers on surface, of which you can see here specimens of great value. But, what is more important, we have here, lying before us, samples of ore broken from the lode standing in the 40-fathom level below adit in the mine, and from the appearance of it you can easily judge of its excellent quality, while, if you want any information, there are one or two experts at hand who will be pleased to give it to you. I hope that this will satisfy shareholders of the value of this mine, and that it will put an end, once and for all, to the vague rumours as to its value which have been spread about—rumours spread, possibly, by persons who have their own axe to grind. Matters have proceeded very satisfactorily indeed. If you will refer to the report of our engineer, Mr. Dietzsch, you will gather details of the work that has been done. It is sufficient for me to say that matters have proceeded satisfactorily, and we are quite content with the position and prospects. The first British radium factory has been erected; so that uranium oxide and radium can be properly and effectually produced. This is under the supervision of Sir William Ramsay and his assistants. We expect that the first radium produced at the factory will be available in about two months. The discovery that the water of the Trenwith Mine is radioactive, and to the extent reported by Mr. Whitehouse, gives to the British Radium Corporation and to this Company, as the holder of its share capital, a very valuable asset indeed. Negotiations are in progress with persons of repute and experience in the hotel and spa business, with the view to the establishment of high-class hotels, hydros, and curative bathing establishments, according to the most up-to-date and approved methods. With this in view, it will be necessary for a company to be formed. It is not proposed that your Company shall take an active part in the management, but, of course, be taken to ensure to your Company a substantial interest in this enterprise—an interest which, I am assured, will be of considerable benefit to you as shareholders of the St. Ives Consolidated Mines—an advantage and benefit which, at the moment, we cannot possibly conceive. In this connection, let me remind you to take into consideration the success that has adhered to Carlsbad, Marienbad, St. Joachimsthal, Gastein, Kronach, and, coming nearer, our own Harrogate. Best from the waters of the places I have named, and medical men in this country, we are told, are anxious that English people should not be obliged to make journeys abroad for the purpose of undergoing what so many of us know as the "cure." There can be no question that the water of the Trenwith Mine, with its extraordinarily high radio-activity, will be of the highest possible advantage in cases of gout, rheumatism, eczema, and the worst kinds of nervous disorders. It will have a rejuvenating effect, and it is confidently hoped that it will tend to the prevention of cancer. I propose the receipt and adoption of the reports.

Mr. Sigismund Moritz seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

TO BE PRESENTED AT THE MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS ON JANUARY 27, 1910.

CAPITAL—Paid Up	-	-	-	-	-	£3,000,000
Uncalled	-	-	-	-	-	2,300,000
Reserve Liability	-	-	-	-	-	10,800,000
Subscribed Capital	-	-	-	-	-	£15,900,000

RESERVE FUND (invested in English Government Securities), **£2,350,000.**

NUMBER OF SHAREHOLDERS. 17.22A

DIRECTORS.

COLIN FREDERICK CAMPBELL, Esq.
MAURICE OTHO FITZGERALD, Esq.
WILLIAM HENRY NEVILLE GOSCHEN, Esq.
CLAUDE VILLIERS EMILIUS LAURIE, Esq.
FRANCIS CHARLES LE MARCHANT, Esq.
The RIGHT HON. the EARL OF LICHFIELD.

Sir JAMES LYLE MACKAY, G.O.M.G., K.O.S.I.,
K.C.I.E.
GEORGE FORBES MALCOLMSON, Esq.
SELWYN ROBERT PRYOR, Esq.
THOMAS GEORGE ROBINSON, Esq.
ROBERT WIGRAM, Esq.

JOINT GENERAL MANAGERS.

ROBERT T. HAINES, Esq., THOMAS ESTALL, Esq., and D. J. H. CUNNICK, Esq.

SOLICITORS.

ERNEST JAMES WILDE, Esq. WALTER EDWARD MOORE, Esq.

The Directors have the pleasure to submit the Balance Sheet for the year 1906, and to report that after making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for the rebate of discount on current bills, the profit, including £97,590 8s. 4d. brought forward, amounts to £629,165 18s. 3d., which has been appropriated as follows:—

Interim Dividend of 8 per cent. paid in August last	...	£240,000	0	0
A further Dividend of 9 per cent. (making 17 per cent. for the year, free of Income Tax), payable 5th proximo	...	270,000	0	0
Applied to writing down investments	...	20,000	0	0
Balance carried forward to 1910	...	59,165	18	3
		£629,165	18	3

The Directors retiring by rotation are Maurice Otho FitzGerald, Selwyn

Robert Pryor, and Thomas George Robinson, Esquires, all of whom, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

The Directors have to announce with regret that William Robert Moberly, Esq., has, on account of failing health, resigned his seat at the Board, after rendering valuable services to the Bank during a period of seventeen years. To fill the vacancy thus created, Francis Alexander Johnston, Esq., who is duly qualified, offers himself as a Candidate.

New Branches have been opened in Gray's Inn Road, London; and at
Barpoed; Cambridge; Cotton Exchange, Liverpool; Longfleet, Poole; New
Quay, Cardiganshire; Oxford; Pontypridd; Queen's Road, Clifton; Stamford;
Truro, Cornwall; &c. &c.

In conformity with the Act of Parliament, the Shareholders are required to elect the Auditors and fix their remuneration. Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. William Barclay Peat (of Messrs. W. B. Peat and Co.), the retiring Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1909.

CAPITAL.—				LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
£40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid	£430,000	0	0	Cash at Bank of England and at Head Office and Branches	...	£10,073,249	1	5
£15,000 " £80 " £12 "	2,580,000	0	0	Money at Call and Short Notice	...	4,837,666	19	8
				3,000,000	0	0			14,710,916	1	
Reserve Fund	2,350,000	0	0	Investments:—				
				5,380,000	0	0	English Government Securities	...	£3,454,881	4	4
Current, Deposit, and other Accounts, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.	59,541,573	9	6	(Of which £115,500 is lodged for public accounts)				
Acceptances and Endorsements of Foreign Bills on Account of Customers	794,543	4	9	Indian and Colonial Government Securities, Debenture, Guaranteed and Preference Stocks of British Railways, British Corporation and Waterworks Stocks	...	7,282,069	4	0
Profit and Loss Account:—							Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and other Investments	...	454,355	10	5
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £37,590 &c. 4d. brought from year 1908	£639,165	18	3						16,161,275	18	9
Less Interim Dividend, 8 per cent., paid in August last	£240,000	0	0						30,872,191	19	10
Less Dividend of 9 per cent. payable February 5 next	£270,000	0	0				Bills Discounted, Loans, &c.	...	33,468,609	9	10
Less Applied to writing down Investments	£20,000	0	0				Liability of Customers for Acceptances, &c., as per contra	...	794,543	4	9
				530,000	0	0	Bank Premises in London and Country	...	649,937	18	1
Balance carried forward to 1910	99,165	18	3					
				£65,785,238	12	6			£65,785,238	12	6

M. O. FITZGERALD,
G. F. MALCOLMSON,
ROBERT WIGRAM, } Directors.

R. T. HAINES,
T. ESTALL,
D. J. H. CUNNICK, } Joint General
Managers.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books at the Head Office and with the Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances, and have verified the Investments held by the Bank, and the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice at the Head Office. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the Books and Returns of the Company.

January 18, 1910.

The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, having numerous Branches in England and Wales, as well as Agents and Correspondents at home and abroad, affords great facilities to its customers, who may have money transmitted to the credit of their Accounts through any of the Branches free of charge.

At Head Office and Metropolitan Branches, Deposits are received and interest allowed thereon at the rates advertised by the Bank in the London newspapers from time to time, and Current Accounts are conducted on the usual terms.

At the Country Branches, Current Accounts are opened, Deposits received, and all other Banking business conducted.

The Bank undertakes the Agency of Private and Joint-Stock Banks, also the Purchase and Sale of all British and Foreign Stocks and Shares, and the Collection of Dividends, Annuities, &c.

Circular Notes and Letters of Credit, payable at the principal towns abroad, are issued for the use of travellers.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy as regards the transactions of its customers.

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